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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE GREAT FIRE IN CHICAGO.

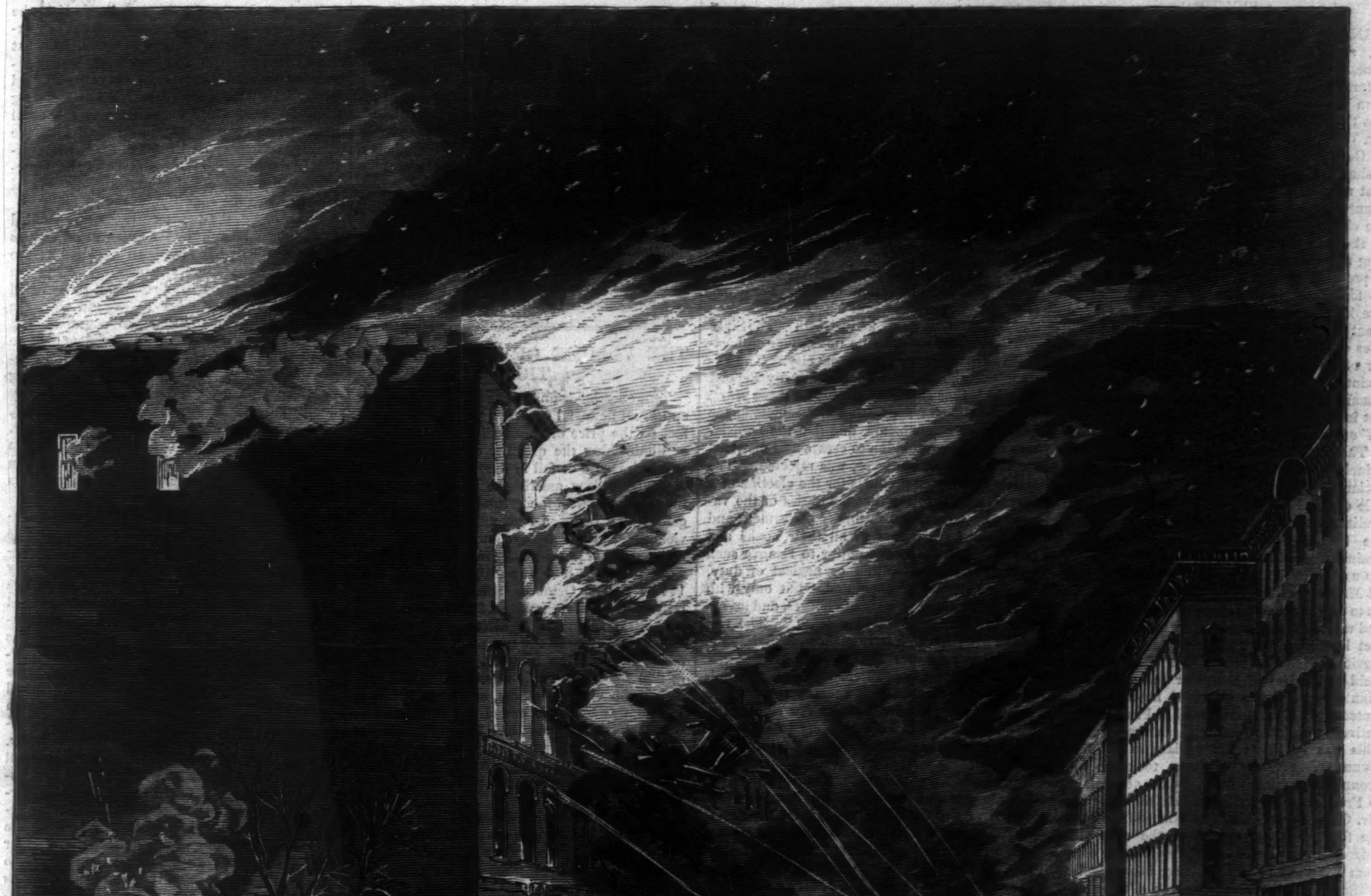
The most destructive fire which has ever visited Chicago occurred in that city on the night of January 28. The loss to property is at least four times greater than that of the great fire of 1859, which broke out on Lake Street, just west of the river, and burned over four blocks. It also greatly exceeds in destructiveness the terrible Lake Street fire of 1857, though happily unattended by the sickening loss of human life which rendered that conflagration memorable. Of this last most disastrous conflagration we give a sketch from the pencil of Mr. W. B. Baird.

The origin of the fire is not positively ascertained. A few minutes before seven o'clock in the evening three men were seen to emerge from the stairway leading to the floors above the bookstore of S. C. Griggs & Co., and a few seconds afterward the building was discovered, from the volumes of smoke issuing from the windows and doors, to be on fire. It is evident that they have a model fire-department in Chicago, for it appears that the steam fire-engines were on the spot before the slightest ray of flame had burst from the building. But the fire within had obtained such headway that it was impossible to subdue the flames before they had destroyed the building and extended to others adjoining.

Every person who has visited Chicago has seen and admired "Burch's Building" on the corner of Lake Street and Wabash Avenue, giving, as it did, evidence not only of the architectural taste but the prosperity of the city, which only forty years ago was a wilderness well-nigh inapproachable. "Burch's Building" was a five-story iron-front business block, and its beauty and strength rendered it an ornament to the city. The fire of January 28 reduced it to a mass of ruins. Within an hour after it had begun a fierce gale of wind from the west had driven the fire entirely through the building to Wabash Avenue, and within another hour the Wabash Avenue front was also destroyed.

While the fire was at its height in the Burch Building a flake of fire descended into an area of No. 20, on the north side of Lake Street, between Wabash and Michigan avenues, and coming in contact with a stock of dry-goods, another conflagration was almost instantly in full blast. The fire speedily communicated with the highly combustible contents of Burnhams & Van Schaack's wholesale drug-store, adjoining on the east, and, notwithstanding the desperate efforts of the firemen, the flames reached across the alley, and within an hour another five-story marble-front block, extending east to Michigan Avenue, was in ruins, as was also an adjacent building to the north, on Michigan Avenue.

But for the fact that a recent snow-storm had



THE GREAT FIRE IN CHICAGO, January 28, 1868.—[Sketched by W. B. Baird.]

rendered the roofs of buildings fire-proof, the conflagration would have been much more disastrous. Such continuous showers of sparks and myriads of flaming torches were never before seen driving through the air. The adjoining streets were aglow with living coals of fire that rained down to the terror of over-coats and furs, while out over the lake, as far as the eye could reach, could be traced the flight of the fiery shower.

The total loss by this fire will reach $2,000,000.

TO A YOUNG WIDOW.

There is a young widow, bewitching and fair,
Who lives in a mansion that looks on the Square.
I pass by her window whenever I dare—
The policemen already suspiciously stare
With a scowl that says plainly, "You'd better take care!"—
While glancing to see if my charmer is there.
But whether she wishes my feelings to spare,
Or has gone to the country to visit here mère,
Or has taken a journey to see something rare,
Or has gone down to Richmond—Oh Southerns beware
Of her soft, winning eyes and her rich, glossy hair!
And her figure so graceful, like lilies that bear
The dew gems of morning. And then to compare
The tones of her voice to the birds of the air,
Were to flatter the birds. Well, I freely declare,
All the rest of her sex for her sake I forswear,
Though it lead to misfortune and end in despair,
Like the moth who is blinded at night by the glare
Of the candle till lost in the dazzling flare—
Yet whatever man may do, that thing will I dare,
To be near that young widow who lives by the Square.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 15, 1868.

NATIVE AND NATURALIZED CITIZENS.

THE most prominent topic of public interest since the introduction of the new reconstruction law is the bill for the protection of naturalized citizens reported by Mr. Banks from the Committee on Foreign Affairs. It was the subject of a very pointed speech from Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, in which he declared that he wished the United States to lay down the rule that naturalization is equivalent to birth in the country. But, as he plainly shows, if this be the object of the Committee it is not reached by the bill; for the first section, after announcing that all naturalized citizens shall be equally protected with natives during their sojourn in foreign states, proceeds to authorize the President to use all the power of the Government to secure the recognition by other countries of the principles of public law in the matter of naturalization which have been always maintained by the United States. The word "maintained," however, was wisely stricken out in the House by the Chairman and "asserted" substituted.

The truth is, that we have "maintained" no principle whatever upon the subject. The Judiciary has been always inclined to follow the rule of the English Common Law. If a naturalized citizen returns to his native country, the United States have not protected him against claims due as a foreign subject before his naturalization here. We have before quoted Mr. Wheaton's reply when Minister in Berlin to a Prussian naturalized in the United States and who went to Prussia upon business, to protect him from the Prussian claim of military service. Mr. Wheaton told him that if he had staid in the United States or had gone to any country but Prussia he would have been protected; but when he returned to Prussia "your native domicile and national character revert." This was in 1840; but as late as 1853 Mr. Everett, Secretary of State, took the same ground in writing to Mr. Barnard, Minister to Prussia. Mr. Webster held the same view. Mr. Cass, Secretary of State in 1859, confined the foreign jurisdiction over the naturalized citizen to the case of actual desertion or escape from the country after having been regularly drafted into the army by the Government. There is no principle involved in this conduct of our Government except that a foreign Government may have valid claims upon a naturalized citizen.

The second section of the new bill provides that if any naturalized citizen shall be arrested in a foreign state without charge of crime, and his release unreasonably delayed, the President may arrest and detain any subject of that state who may be found among us. The absurdity of this provision will doubtless occasion its modification. But why report absurd provisions at all?

The London *Times*, in discussing the subject, is very far from agreeing with Mr. Wilson, of Iowa. "The only doubt," it says, is not whether the natural-born subject, although naturalized elsewhere, may be treated as a subject upon his return to the native soil, but whether, having changed his country and renounced his allegiance, he ought not "to be placed on the same footing with foreigners as regards his proceedings upon a foreign soil." This is evidently illogical, for if there can be no alienation of allegiance by expatriation, the subject conspiring in America is exactly as guilty as if in England, and should be seized whenever he comes within reach of the grasp of the English authority. If he be still a subject, he is wholly a subject. If he be wholly a subject, he is every where in the world entitled to the protection and supervision of his Government, and every where his offenses against it are of the same relative character. The *Times* sees this, and owns that if all persons born in the United Kingdom owe a life-long allegiance to Her Majesty, they have an equal title to her protection, and that, consequently, she is bound to watch over the interests of Irishmen domiciled in the United States. It confesses that this is not supposable. But how does it avoid the other conclusion, that if Her Majesty is *not* bound to protect him they are no longer her subjects? This is the inevitable result of its doctrine, and it hobbles out of the dilemma by declaring that England has no desire or occasion to punish American Fenians, and no power of punishing them until they arrive within the kingdom.

The New York *World* has a highcockalorum dispatch from Washington that Great Britain must accept Mr. Johnson's "ultimatum," or war will be declared by the United States. There will be no war between the United States and England until the best and wisest men in both countries have exhausted every honorable and practicable method of settling all differences between them. Our situation admonishes us not to covet a foreign war at this time: the situation of England imperatively forbids her to think of it. The duty of every faithful citizen and journal in this country is to moderate not to exasperate any hostility of feeling that may exist. The tone of the letters of "Historicus" upon this subject to the London *Times*, for instance, is much nobler and more humane than that of most of the orators and journals who discuss it upon our side. Indeed there is not such consistency in our maintenance of our assertions upon this subject hitherto that we can now take a supercilious tone. If Great Britain has never logically maintained her position of perpetual allegiance, neither have we insisted upon our supposed principle of the absolute right of expatriation, and there is hardly a supposable calamity to civilization greater than that of a war between the United States and England to settle this or any other difference.

CITIES IN THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

After a long and most earnest debate the Constitutional Convention of New York has disposed of the question of City Government—and substantially as we had wished. The State still retains its right, by its immediate authority, to keep the peace of the great city. The extraordinary propositien of the Majority Report, that the Mayor should be elected for three years, with the right of appointing and removing the heads of all departments, and that the Legislature should be forbidden to create new districts, for any purpose whatever, was rejected. The article as adopted provides for the election of a Mayor, who is to see that the duties of the various city officers are faithfully performed, and who shall have access to all their books and papers. He shall have power to remove such city officers for violation or neglect of duty, whether elected or appointed, "but only with reasonable notice, a copy of charges, and an opportunity to be heard in defense." The rest of the article, which is very short, is mainly the provision of the present Constitution.

The debate was as interesting as it was animated, and the question became somewhat a party division, although a very few sincere Republicans felt it to be their duty to vote with the Democrats. The Majority Report, which was a scheme virtually to separate the city of New York from the State, was supported by the chairman of the committee, Mr. Ira Harris, Mr. Alvord, Mr. Erastus Brooks, Mr. A. D. Lawrence, Mr. Schumacher, Mr. Daly, Mr. Verplanck, Mr. Comstock, Mr. Robertson, and Mr. Gross. It was opposed by Mr. Martin J. Townsend, Mr. J. M. Francis, Mr. Smith, Mr. Hand, Mr. Gould, Mr. Lapham, Mr. Stratton, Mr. Opdyke, Mr. Hutchins, and Mr. Curtis. The general argument of those who supported the Report was that the city of New York has the same right to local self-government with every other similar division of the State; that although the city is taxed for police and other purposes the State disposes of the money; that the State care is expensive and intolerable, and will throw out of power in the State the party under whose auspices the present system of State care was introduced.

The argument of the opponents of the Report was, that a city is but a State organization for a specific purpose; that the power delegated to the city by the State must be regulated by reason and experience; that the exceptional character of the city of New York requires the system of police, for instance, which will best subserve the common welfare of the State; that the Mayor was appointed by the State until about 1830; that after twenty-five or thirty years' experience the city, without regard to party, asked for a change, and that in obedience to that request and from a profound conviction of the necessity of the case the police was established by the State. The whole subject, it was urged, was one of expediency, and nothing could be more inexpedient than for the State to tie its hands. The expenses of the present system of State care, it was contended, are not extravagant, and the figures and statistics were produced in proof. Every Fire Insurance Company but four asks for the retention of the present fire system; every Life Insurance Company for that of the Health Board. As for party ascendency, it must take its chance. No man who is sincerely a Republican, it was said, would be willing to buy the victory of his party at the price of putting the protection of the property and of the most defenseless inhabitants of the city into the hands of a police appointed by a Mayor elected by the grog-shops.

There was one remarkable argument urged by the Chairman of the Committee in support of his article. It was, that if the citizens of New York will not take the trouble to have a good city government, they must suffer the consequences. With the facts before him, can any man seriously suppose that a majority of the municipal voters would elect officers who would fairly discharge the first duty of good government, that of equal personal protection? Does the Chairman suppose that under his system there are not districts in the city in which no vote could be polled distasteful to the majority of voters there? His system, as Mr. Henry C. Murphy of Brooklyn truly said in his Minority Report, would make the Mayor an autocrat who would name his successor.

With this article and that on State Prisons the most important subjects before the Convention are disposed of. When the question upon striking out the section of the Report which forbade the Legislature to interfere in the city by any commission whatever was about to be decided, Mr. Daly repeated what Mr. Verplanck and Mr. Gross had already declared, that unless it were adopted the Constitution would receive the solid opposition of the Democratic vote of New York and Brooklyn. But the Convention seemed to be of opinion that its duty was to consider the general welfare of the State, and the section was stricken out.

The whole subject now rests with the people of the State in the Legislature. If they choose to repeal the laws which establish the present Police, Fire, Health, and Central Park Boards, they will do so. The Convention declined to repeal those laws in the new Constitution; and it also declined to insert in that instrument a complete system of city government. Its action in the matter seems to us to be so just and wise that we are very sure it will be approved by intelligent citizens every where in the State.

THE VOLUME OF THE CIRCULATION.

The question is under discussion in Congress and in all financial circles, what will be the effect on the price of commodities of increasing or diminishing the quantity of paper-money? Will prices rise or fall in the same proportion? A contemporary assails the theory that they thus rise or fall, on the ground that the price of gold, which between 1862 and 1867 fluctuated violently, did not at any time correspond with the quantity of paper-money in existence. Gold was 250 on the 30th June, 1864, and was only 144 on the 1st October, 1865, although at the latter period the quantity of paper was much larger. It will at once be discovered, from these dates, that between the two periods the surrender of General Lee occurred. When gold was at 250 the country was depressed by the condition of belligerent affairs, and when it was at 144 the war had been ended and confidence in our debt and currency had been restored. It may safely be assumed that the price of gold, which reached 285, measured by greenbacks, was due more to other causes than to the quantity of the latter.

John Adams furnished to the Count de Vergennes, in 1780, some of the prices then charged for articles in Massachusetts in the Continental money of that day. "Salt, which costs very little in Europe, and used to be sold for a shilling a bushel, is $40 a bushel, and in some of the other States $200 at times. Linens, which cost two livres a yard in France, $40 a yard." In the same year $500 and $1000 were offered for one dollar in silver. The Confederate currency sank to nothing after the surrender of General Lee.

In order to ascertain clearly the effect on the price of commodities of the abundance or scarcity of paper-money, the question should be considered in relation to money not issued in war. In that case a long experience may be appealed to, and much light may also be derived from the abundance or scarcity which from time to time have occurred with the precious metals. Europe was stirred into great activity in mining for the precious metal during a portion of the Middle Ages, but for many years before the discovery of America the quantity mined did not keep pace with the increase of other productions. In the century after the discovery of America the quantity of gold and silver poured into Europe nearly, if not quite, quadrupled what was in circulation. This period was succeeded by one of inactivity until the discovery of gold and silver in California and Australia, which stimulated the most active industry in the production of those metals.

The uniform testimony of historians is, that the prices of commodities declined for some years prior to the discovery of America, and that on the contrary, in the century following that event, they had quadrupled, keeping pace with the production of gold and silver. The isolation of Europe at that time from the populations and trade of the Eastern World, with its exclusive reliance on a metallic currency, and its tolerably steady progress in industry, afforded an excellent opportunity for ascertaining with much precision the effect on prices of an increase of the precious metals. All other things being equal, like results would now be produced from the same policy, but the exceptions to any general rule on this subject, which in our day must be taken into view, are very numerous, and especially so far as the rule concerns paper-money in the United States.

Money travels faster than ever before, and we have been told that a nimble sixpence is better than a slow shilling. That less money is required to do the same work than hitherto is due to the creation of railroads, to the telegraph, to the substitution of one issuer of undoubted credit for many not so, to the collection of money in banks, to the use of checks and drafts instead of bank bills, and to clearing-houses. The substitution of machinery for manual labor in nearly all the varied forms of our industry increases the mass of products, and so lowers the price that it becomes difficult to say how much of that price is due to facilities of production, and how much to the quantity of money in use. It was supposed by many up to the very time of gathering our late crops that every production of agriculture would be cheap; but it is found that, although we usually carried over from fifty to sixty million dollars' worth of grain, the quantity held in the whole Union up to the new harvest did not exceed ten millions of dollars in value, and that the consumption of the new crop was commenced universally as soon as gathered, and particularly in the South, which was suffering from famine. Until we carry over the usual surplus, and have in addition a good crop, the country will buy sparingly, and leave the question in doubt to many, how much of the depreciation in goods is due to that abstinence, and how much to the condition of the currency.

Then again, the paper currency was carried to an unusual height by the extreme necessities of the war—gold having been expelled as the fruit of the preceding system—and people are at a loss to know what policy will be pursued at Washington—whether to expand with the probability of repudiation; to contract, with the fear of ruin to debtors, if violent; or to stand still in masterly inactivity, with the danger to those in power which arises from having no decisive policy. Balances are consequently hoarded by timid capitalists, and prices fall, notwithstanding the great abundance of money. The universal fear of contraction indulged in by the debtor class is proof of their conviction that diminishing the quantity of money affects injuriously their means of payment.

The experience of the world since the establishment of the Bank of England in 1694, is more confusing on the question discussed, inasmuch as by the introduction of paper-money commerce, instead of being a direct exchange of equivalents—for such was the case when gold and silver were paid for other productions of labor—became, in fact, an exchange of what was valuable in itself, for a promise to pay its equivalent. The question always arises, what value is there in the promise? How and when will it be fulfilled? Jacob, in his valuable work on the precious metals, informs us that the multiplication of these promises in the shape of paper, issued under the authority of all commercial powers, had produced the effect—this was before the discovery of gold and silver in California and Australia—of stopping or greatly reducing production in the chief mines of the world, so that the gap was daily growing wider that existed between the increasing promises to pay gold and silver and the diminishing means of performance. The certainty of failure, sooner or later, results always from that condition of affairs, and of itself causes an addition to the price of commodities, which is further augmented by increasing the quantity of such money.

But making allowance for the effect of these and other like exceptions, and the rule must undoubtedly prevail that prices fall or rise in the proportion in which money is diminished or increased.

"NEW DOMINION" BITTERS.

The present prospects for a firm establishment of the Canadian Confederation upon a permanent foundation are any thing but encouraging. The tone of the speeches and newspaper comments on both sides of the Atlantic show that its ultimate failure is regarded as quite within the limits of possibility. Even those who were the most earnest and sanguine promoters of the Union are now disheartened and perplexed by the difficulties that attend the experimental working of their ponderous machine. The policy thus far pursued by the Government has not tended to harmonize the discordant elements. The benefits and burdens of Confederation are unequally distributed. Local interests clash more vehemently than before, and the ascerbity of political partisanship has become the more embittered.

Under these prognostics of continued disorder the territorial expansion of the new realm has not been rapid. The only progress thus far made is the securing a vote of Vancouver's Island favorable to joining the Confederation (which goes as far toward a consolidation of British America as the annexation of the rock of Gibraltar might do). As regards those provinces which have thus far stood aloof from the "new nationality" the most powerful arguments have failed to induce them to enter the union; while as respects the victimized provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick the subtlest logic can not convince them that their condition has been improved by the closer connection with Canada. Seven months of patient waiting have been barren of those extraordinary advantages which were promised to these unwilling partners in the magnificent scheme.

Taken as a unit the Confederation has lost ground. Its business has suffered, its revenues have diminished, and its expenses have increased. Labor is a drug, wages are reduced, poverty pinches, and emigration is depopulating large districts. Respecting Canada herself (that is, the present Provinces of Ontario and Quebec) she derives from the Union the unquestionable advantage of the assistance of the Lower Provinces in paying her enormous debts. Her manufactures enter into successful competition with those of the Lower Provinces, and she not only compels her neighbors to purchase her manufactures, but her flour also. She grabs all their surplus revenue through the central office at the seat of government, and reaps the benefit of the disbursement of the public moneys for salaries and the expenses of the general government at Ottawa. Politically, Canada has gained nothing, for the strife between parties representing the double nationality of its people still continues; only the questions in dispute have taken new shape—and perhaps the more objectionable one of annexation to the United States.

But the discord that most threatens to break up the imperfectly-formed union has its seat in the Lower Provinces. One of these (New Brunswick) entered into the alliance against her firm convictions and after reconsideration of a negative vote. Nova Scotia was dragged in by force. The compulsory change in the circumstances of these two provinces is well calculated to excite discontent, rebellion, and threatened secession. For many years they had enjoyed a remarkable degree of prosperity and exemption from the financial burdens of other peoples—secure in their chartered rights, enjoying an elective franchise and a responsible government as beneficent as those of the adjoining Republic. Free from debt and taxation, with their own Custom-houses and their low tariffs, applying themselves with thrift and enterprise to the development of their exhaustless resources and the establishment of internal steam communication, they had gradually acquired a wealth and condition of ease that made them enviable. Since 1858 their internal improvements equaled in cost and usefulness those of the entire previous half century. Railroads and steamers connected all the provinces, and extended to the United States, so as to facilitate commercial intercourse in every possible way. Consequently, Yankee capital poured in abundantly, and was so largely invested in mining and manufactures that it threatened soon to control those important interests. Americans were foremost in almost every enterprise. The prospect was flattering.

The repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty inflicted serious injury, and crushed many speculative ventures in the bud. What injury that measure failed to inflict Confederation has accomplished. The coal product of Nova Scotia has fallen off *two-thirds* since 1866; the gold mining interest is almost at a dead stand; shipbuilding is very dull, and general industry is paralyzed; workmen are demanding higher wages; starving fishermen are appealing to the Government for relief; money is tighter than it ever was before; real estate is inactive, and commerce languishes. Only a few weeks ago, four lines of steamers running from Halifax to foreign ports were temporarily suspended for lack of support. Besides, an obnoxious postal bill is soon to go into effect, and a 15 per cent. tariff on the necessaries of life. Knowledge is to be severely taxed; there is to be a tax on newspapers, a 15 per cent. duty on printing paper, and a 15 per cent. duty on types! Is it strange that the Bluenoses kick under such unfamiliar burdens? or will it be queer if they should incline to weigh their loyalty on the scale of high tariffs?

Bad as the prospect was in the commencement, the provincials were disposed to give Confederation a fair trial, but now that all their predictions of evil are more than realized, it is no wonder that they become restive and threatening, or that they are emigrating to the United States to an extent so alarming as to command the attention of Parliament. The fact is, the feelings of our neighbors are now worked up to that pitch of excitement that, were it not for the existence of our enormous taxes and oppressive tariffs, they would seriously and enthusiastically entertain the project of annexation—the mere whisper of which would have been criminal twelve months ago. It is obvious that, if we have any covetous leaning toward the rich territory of our neighbors, a long stride might be made toward its acquisition by reducing our burdens, as our wisest financiers propose. If St. Thomas, with its alien population, cast but 22 votes against annexation to the United States, how unanimous would be the choice of our neighbors, whose sons come to us, unbidden, at the rate of several thousand every year! The integrity of the "New Dominion" just now rests upon a doubtful foundation.

THE EXPENSE OF THE CITY SCHOOLS.

THE Citizens' Association, through its President, Mr. PETER COOPER, has published a letter to Mr. RICE, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, calling his attention to the amount of money spent for schools in the city of New York, and to the number of scholars actually attending. Mr. COOPER truly says that, as the public schools "must be maintained at all hazards and at whatever cost," the expense must be carefully watched. The law allots $10 for each pupil who actually attends and is taught for a certain time during the year. In 1862 the average attendance was 74,000, and the expense was $1,413,068. In 1867 the average attendance was 90,000, and the expense was $2,939,348—nearly three millions of dollars. The letter asks the Superintendent to recommend that the Governor appoint Commissioners to examine the subject, and report upon the measures necessary to perfect the system of common schools in the city of New York.

This will probably be cited as another attempt to commission the city. But last year, when there was a proposition before the Legislature to appoint a School Commission, it was rejected after a full consideration of the subject, from which it appeared that the schools were admirable and their general management excellent. The Rev. JAMES FRASER, the English Commissioner to examine our public school system, praises the city schools most highly in his Report, and a committee of the Boston Board conceded that in many important points the New York schools were even superior to those of Boston. It is plain, in this case at least, that when it is shown that there is no need of direct State care it is not authorized; and the fact is a vindication of the wisdom of the Legislature as well as of the excellence of the schools.

It is undoubtedly true, as is often alleged in letters to the *Tribune*, that the schools are overcrowded. The city Superintendent and his assistants constantly mention and deplore the fact. But the Board of Education contend that school-houses are built as fast as the means can be collected; and with the present school-tax of a mill and a quarter, they feel that the school expense is about as high as public opinion will probably warrant. But it is surely a proper subject of inquiry why nearly three millions of dollars do not furnish as many school-houses and as much instruction as are required by the number of actual pupils. If the investigation should show that the money is not wasted, then it would furnish the most powerful argument for raising more money to supply the necessary accommodation. Mr. COOPER says, in his letter: "The large outlay for public instruction in this city is not justified by the number of pupils taught nor by the accommodations afforded to the children." If this is a mistake, nobody is so much interested as the members of the Board of Education to correct it; and speaking from the character of the President of the Board, Mr. LARREMORE, we feel very sure they would not shrink from any investigation proposed in a friendly spirit.

SECURITY OF CARS.

ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA, *Jan.* 24, 1868.

Editor Harper's Weekly:

In yours of the last issue there is a letter from an Engineer relating to the heating of railway cars, etc. I wish to make a few statements, showing that his ideas will not work. He proposes to build car seats with a bulk-head—that is, to make them extend to the floor air-tight. It would not work that way. Suppose a train was running east, and the seats all built as he says, how will the same car answer to return west? Room must be allowed for a man to sit comfortably. Then, again, the cleaning of each space would be very difficult. In the present way a hose is taken in and every space washed over. I have been on trains when they have smashed up, and can say that seats built as he proposes would kill and wound more of the passengers than those used at present. The concussion of a collision or a run-off is sufficient to start all the seats, no matter how securely they are fastened. The present seat has an iron frame secured to the floor of the car by screws. They pull out readily, whereas the wooden bulk-heads would make a mass of splinters which would enter the person in all directions. His idea of a stove would do well if applied under the centre of the car with heating apparatus, etc. A stove can not be secured any better than the seats. They will break away with the concussion. I have seen it on several occasions. Was in a passenger car when all the seats were torn away. No one was badly hurt; the car ahead had wooden seats (second-class), and several were killed. One child had a splinter driven in its head back of the ear. Cast-iron for stoves is better than wrought-iron, as it will not burn out so quickly or warp so easily. An apparatus of the base-burning style, anthracite coal, with hot-air grates in each seat, would do safely, as the hard coal rarely sets fire. Yours, etc.

A CIVIL ENGINEER.

A PUBLIC EXPOSURE.

Editor Harper's Weekly:

You are so evidently the friend of the traveler, Sir, that I beg leave to use your columns to expose one man whom I think should be noticed. I wish to expose him to the admiration and esteem of the public in general, especially all those who journey by rail, and whose avocations compel them to ride upon it. Mr. GEORGE A. MERRILL, Superintendent of the Rutland, Burlington, and Vermont Valley Railroad, has issued the subjoined notice, and it is posted in the cars of his road:

NOTICE.

Baggagemen on the trains, freight as well as passenger, are expected and employed by the Company not only to do their work well but PLEASANTLY, and to give every facility to travelers by information and by ACTS. Any departure from civility of conduct, and that courtesy due to the patrons of the Road, will render them unfit for its service, and they will be dismissed accordingly.

Travelers may be unreasonable, but that will be considered no excuse for any employé to be so in return.

This is printed in large type, so that he who rides may read. What is the result? Civility and polite attention to every want. If you ask one of the conductors a question he does not throw the answer at you over his shoulder as he moves on, but replies succinctly and intelligibly. The brakemen are also civil, and I will warrant there are not many trunks thrown end over end on the road, in view of the notice alluded to.

What innovations! What alarming precedents! The next train that sweeps from the north will allow half an hour for dinner, and gentlemen may cry peas, peas! with the certainty of getting and eating them.

Yours truly,

A RAILER.

POPULAR CRIES AND THEIR EFFECT.

MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, than whom there is not a shrewder man in Europe, invented an admirable cry in his novel "Coningsby." It was "Our young Queen and our old institutions." It did not mean any thing in particular, for Queen Victoria could no more help being young in 1838 than her uncle William, just dead, had been able to help being old. As for their "old institutions," they might have been the stake, or the rack, or the whipping-post; but the cry sounded well, and saved people the trouble of thinking, which is all that is wanted in a cry. Had Mr. Disraeli "stumped" the county of Bucks with that cry he might have achieved a triumph at High Wycombe, instead of being branded by Daniel O'Connell (than whom no politician ever better understood the value of a senseless cry) as a "lineal descendant of the impenitent thief." But Mr. Disraeli was not a Radical in those days, and more inclined to cry, "Flare up, and join the Union" (a most popular cry in its time) than "Our young Queen and our old institutions." It is erroneously supposed that the downfall of Napoleon the Great was wholly due to the defeat at Waterloo. That the rout at Mont St. Jean had something to do with his collapse is certain; but unprejudiced persons will tell you that his unpopularity in the provinces in 1814–15 was mainly caused by the convenient cry, *Plus de Droits Réunis*. The *Droits Réunis* were a kind of consolidated assessed taxes, which the peasantry imagined to be very onerous. The Bourbons changed the name of the impost to something else, and made it ten times more grinding; but the Cry had been deprived of its resonance, and that was something. By 1830 the people had learned a new Cry, and cried Charles X. to Holyrood with it.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

So numerous have vulgar, sensational newspapers and illustrated journals become in New York city that the Legislature of the State has been considering a bill to suppress the infamous and degrading traffic.

Gilbert H. Bates, an ex-sergeant of a Wisconsin regiment in the late war, has undertaken, on a wager, to carry the Stars and Stripes through the South, overland from Vicksburg to Washington. If he succeeds, the feat is to be quoted by the Democratic party as a positive proof of the good-will and peaceful disposition of the late rebels.

Philosophers are just now interested in the confession of a murderer, named Joseph Schaefer, who says he has killed three men and plotted to kill a fourth for no other purpose than a desire to kill. The savans are not unanimous as to the insanity of the creature.

The proverbial weakness of Mississippi River steamboats was singularly illustrated on January 25 by an accident to the steamer *Emerald*. While rounding a sharp curve in the river, known as Tunica Bend, the steamer careened, and *her cabin slipped off into the river*, unfortunately drowning four ladies.

General Meade, commanding in Georgia and Alabama, has given notice that the constitutions and ordinances of those States will be binding on courts and others when legalized by him, thus ignoring the people entirely.

The South Carolina Convention has proposed to divide the State lands into small farms to be sold to poor farmers.

Georgia is about to ask Congress for a loan of $30,000,000 to the impoverished planters; South Carolina is more modest, and talks of one or two millions only.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE British army under Napier had penetrated to the centre of Abyssinia, but had not met the enemy up to January 28.

The eruption of Vesuvius is not the only volcanic action dreaded at Naples. The old Bourbon party of Italy threatens a revolutionary uprising there.

Reverend Newman Hall, who has been in this country lately, looking at the strength of the land and studying the humor of the people, strongly urges England to settle the Alabama claims as best she can; and Mr. Milner Gibson, a leading member of Parliament, says peace must be preserved at all costs. He intimates that all differences between the two governments ought to be settled now, as future administrations may not be so amicably inclined.

Italy is engaging in a singular naval expedition. A fleet is to sail shortly for the Parama River, for what purpose is unknown and hard to conceive. It is hoped that it is to make peace between Brazil and Paraguay.

Peru has been again revolutionized, and Prado, who made himself Dictator nearly two years ago, has had to take refuge under the American flag. Success in every campaign and in every feature of his policy seems to be necessary to a ruler's safety in the South American republics. Prado failed in a light assault on the rebels in Arequipa, which he has been besieging for some time, and the people and army immediately went over to the enemy, and proclaimed Canseco President. Prado has since fled to Chile.

Denmark is rather anxious to sell St. Thomas, and the King has already receipted the bill for it, or, diplomatically speaking, signed the treaty which transfers it, if we want to take it.

Prince Humbert of Italy, eldest son of Victor Emanuel II., heir to the throne and a Major-General in the army, is engaged to Princess Margherita of Genoa, his second cousin, who is just turned sixteen.

Bismarck has been pensioning the petty kings and dukes of Hanover, Nassau, and the other German States whom he upset a year and a half ago. The German Parliament was much opposed to throwing away its money in this way, but Bismarck threatened to dissolve Parliament if the pensions were not voted, and they were instantly granted.

Osaka and Hiogo, two ports of Japan, were thrown open to foreign commerce on January 1. Thus civilization continues to press forward.

THE AVALANCHE.

WE publish on page 100 an illustration representing the awful peril that attends traveling in the neighborhood of the Grisons and the Alpine passes after the snow has accumulated on the heights.

There are three kinds of avalanches. The first is the drift, or *Staublavinen*, composed of the loose snow which has accumulated in the upper regions and is put in motion by a strong wind, and increases in volume as it descends. The damage done by these falls is not very great, since the snow is loose and may be removed from the places where it accumulates, but the compression of the air sometimes chokes men and cattle, and has been known to overturn houses by its force. The rolling avalanche is more terrible, for it comes after a thaw, when the clammy grains of snow begin to move and form into a ball, which grows as it rolls downward until it forms a destructive mass, carrying all before it, silently, swiftly, and surely. It was one of these which, in 1749, involved the whole village of Rueras, in the Grisons, covered it in, and moved it from its site, without a sound loud enough to awaken the inhabitants, some of whom wondered what delayed the morning light, and one hundred of whom were dug out. Sixty still lived, saved by the air that was in the interstices. In 1806, in Val Calanca, a forest was moved from one side of the valley to the other by a rolling avalanche, and a pine-tree was placed on the roof of the parsonage by its vagaries. Sliding avalanches are awful enough; but they are formed on lower slopes by the gradual thawing of the foundations and the slipping *en masse* of the upper accumulation of frozen snow. They slide swiftly downward, carrying every thing before them. Sometimes, however, they come to a steep place, topple over, begin to roll, and become a great ball—a rolling avalanche, in fact—and eventually may meet with a hard rock or some impregnable obstacle, and be dashed to pieces, so as to resemble a drift. Thus the traveler is never quite certain in what form the avalanche may come upon him, or whether a whisper, a foot-fall, the cracking of a driver's whip, may not make such a concussion of the light atmosphere as to bring the enemy upon him unawares.

DISTRESS AMONG THE POOR.

IT is hardly necessary, we presume, to say to any of our readers that the distress among the poor people of our great cities has been, and is still, unusually great this present winter. We are glad to know, however, that the efforts which have been made to relieve the poor have been in due proportion to the increased destitution. An appropriation by the State Legislature of $500,000 has been proposed for the relief of the poor of New York and Brooklyn. Several establishments for the relief of the poor have been opened in this city, one of which, located at No. 1 Bond Street, we illustrate on page 100. The number of applicants daily at this house alone amounts to about 1000 persons. Every day before the opening hour, 10 o'clock A.M., a line of several hundred men, women, and children are to be found waiting for assistance. Among these are bookbinders, carpenters, tailors, shoemakers, and other tradesmen, all out of employment and all suffering. So many persons, and especially mechanics, have not applied in the same time since the "bread or blood" processions in this city. In two instances whole families of children have been taken into the institutions in order that the parents may go to work and save sufficient to support themselves. The plan of relief is, when fuel is required, to send a quarter of a ton at the outset, and two more up to March 1, to such applicants as have filled up an application, which is furnished in blank, and have sworn to the truth of the statement made therein, and after its truth has been verified by a visit to their houses. Those who need money, if worthy, receive a dollar, and are desired to call again in two weeks. This, of course, is only a temporary relief.

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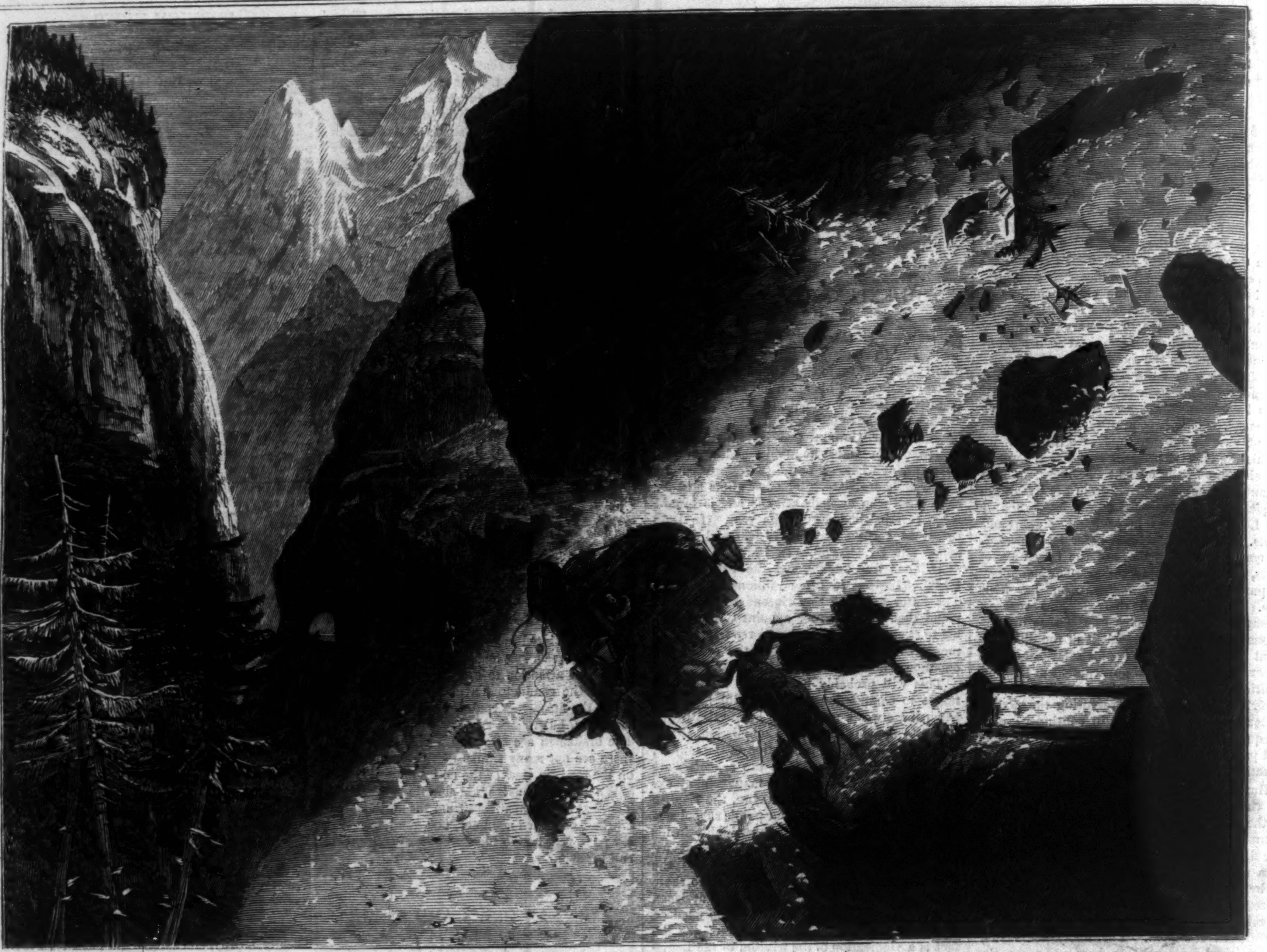
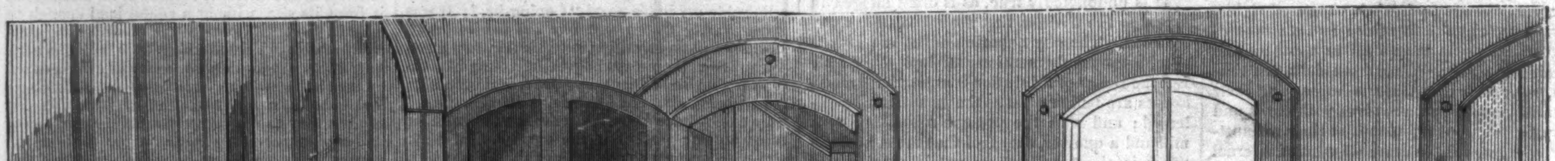


AN AVALANCHE IN AN ALPINE PASS.—[See Page 99.]



RELIEVING THE POOR AT No. 1 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 99.]

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.
RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER XI.—(*Continued.*)

AFTER the library had been swept and cleaned in the morning, neither first nor second house-maid had any business in that room at any later period of the day. I stopped Rosanna Spearman, and charged her with a breach of domestic discipline on the spot.

"What might you want in the library at this time of day?" I inquired.

"Mr. Franklin Blake dropped one of his rings up stairs," says Rosanna; "and I have been into the library to give it to him." The girl's face was all in a flush as she made me that answer; and she walked away with a toss of her head and a look of self-importance which I was quite at a loss to account for. The proceedings in the house had doubtless upset all the women-servants more or less; but none of them had gone clean out of their natural characters, as Rosanna, to all appearance, had now gone out of hers.

I found Mr. Franklin writing at the library-table. He asked for a conveyance to the railway station the moment I entered the room. The first sound of his voice informed me that we now had the resolute side of him uppermost once more. The man made of cotton had disappeared; and the man made of iron sat before me again.

"Going to London, Sir?" I asked.

"Going to telegraph to London," says Mr. Franklin. "I have convinced my aunt that we must have a cleverer head than Superintendent Seegrave's to help us; and I have got her permission to dispatch a telegram to my father. He knows the Chief Commissioner of Police, and the Commissioner can lay his hand on the right man to solve the mystery of the Diamond. Talking of mysteries, by-the-by," says Mr. Franklin, dropping his voice, "I have another word to say to you before you go to the stables. Don't breathe a word of it to any body as yet; but either Rosanna Spearman's head is not quite right, or I am afraid she knows more about the Moonstone than she ought to know."

I can hardly tell whether I was more startled or distressed at hearing him say that. If I had been younger, I might have confessed as much to Mr. Franklin. But when you are old, you acquire one excellent habit. In cases where you don't see your way clearly, you hold your tongue.

"She came in here with a ring I dropped in my bedroom," Mr. Franklin went on. "When I had thanked her, of course I expected her to go. Instead of that she stood opposite to me at the table, looking at me in the oddest manner—half frightened, and half familiar—I couldn't make it out. 'This is a strange thing about the Diamond, Sir,' she said, in a curiously sudden, headlong way. I said, Yes it was, and wondered what was coming next. Upon my honor, Betteredge, I think she must be wrong in the head! She said, 'They will never find the Diamond, Sir, will they? No! nor the person who took it—I'll answer for that.' She actually nodded and smiled at me! Before I could ask her what she meant we heard your step outside. I suppose she was afraid of your catching her here. At any rate, she changed color and left the room. What on earth does it mean?"

I could not bring myself to tell him the girl's story even then. It would have been almost as good as telling him that she was the thief. Besides, even if I had made a clean breast of it, and even supposing she was the thief, the reason why she should let out her secret to Mr. Franklin, of all the people in the world, would have been still as far to seek as ever.

"I can't bear the idea of getting the poor girl into a scrape, merely because she has a flighty way with her, and talks very strangely," Mr. Franklin went on. "And yet, if she had said to the Superintendent what she said to me, fool as he is, I'm afraid—" He stopped there, and left the rest unspoken.

"The best way, Sir," I said, "will be for me to say two words privately to my mistress about it at the first opportunity. My lady has a very friendly interest in Rosanna; and the girl may only have been forward and foolish, after all. When there's a mess of any kind in a house, Sir, the women-servants like to look at the gloomy side—it gives the poor wretches a kind of importance in their own eyes. If there's any body ill, trust the women for prophesying that the person will die. If it's a jewel lost, trust them for prophesying that it will never be found again."

This view (which I am bound to say I thought a probable view myself on reflection) seemed to relieve Mr. Franklin mightily; he folded up his telegram and dismissed the subject. On my way to the stables to order the pony-chaise I looked in at the servants' hall where they were at dinner. Rosanna Spearman was not among them. On inquiry I found that she had been suddenly taken ill, and had gone up stairs to her own room to lie down.

"Curious! She looked well enough when I saw her last," I remarked.

Penelope followed me out. "Don't talk in that way before the rest of them, father," she said. "You only make them harder on Rosanna than ever. The poor thing is breaking her heart about Mr. Franklin Blake."

Here was another view of the girl's conduct. If it was possible for Penelope to be right the explanation of Rosanna's strange language and behavior might have been all in this—that she didn't care what she said so long as she could surprise Mr. Franklin into speaking to her. Granting that to be the right reading of the riddle, it accounted, perhaps, for her flighty self-conceited manner when she passed me in the hall. Though he had only said three words still she had carried her point, and Mr. Franklin *had* spoken to her.

I saw the pony harnessed myself. In the infernal net-work of mysteries and uncertainties that now surrounded us, I declare it was a relief to observe how well the buckles and straps understood each other! When you had seen the pony backed into the shafts of the chaise you had seen something there was no doubt about. And that, let me tell you, was becoming a treat of the rarest kind in our household.

Going round with the chaise to the front door I found not only Mr. Franklin, but Mr. Godfrey and Superintendent Seegrave also, waiting for me on the steps.

Mr. Superintendent's reflections (after failing to find the Diamond in the servants' rooms or boxes) had led him, it appeared, to an entirely new conclusion. Still sticking to his first text, namely, that somebody in the house had stolen the jewel, our experienced officer was now of opinion that the thief (he was wise enough not to name poor Penelope, whatever he might privately think of her!) had been acting in concert with the Indians; and he accordingly proposed shifting his inquiries to the jugglers in the prison at Frizinghall. Hearing of this new move Mr. Franklin had volunteered to take the Superintendent back to the town, from which he could telegraph to London as easily as from our station. Mr. Godfrey, still devoutly believing in Mr. Seegrave, and greatly interested in witnessing the examination of the Indians, had begged leave to accompany the officer to Frizinghall. One of the two inferior policemen was to be left at the house in case any thing happened. The other was to go back with the Superintendent to the town. So the four places in the pony-chaise were just filled.

Before he took the reins to drive off Mr. Franklin walked me away a few steps out of hearing of the others.

"I will wait to telegraph to London," he said, "till I see what comes of our examination of the Indians. My own conviction is, that this muddle-headed local police-officer is as much in the dark as ever, and is simply trying to gain time. The idea of any of the servants being in league with the Indians is a preposterous absurdity, in my opinion. Keep about the house, Betteredge, till I come back, and try what you can make of Rosanna Spearman. I don't ask you to do any thing degrading to your own self-respect, or any thing cruel toward the girl. I only ask you to exercise your observation more carefully than usual. We will make as light of it as we can before my aunt; but this is a more important matter than you may suppose."

"It's a matter of twenty thousand pounds, Sir," I said, thinking of the value of the Diamond.

"It's a matter of quieting Rachel's mind," answered Mr. Franklin, gravely. "I am very uneasy about her."

He left me suddenly, as if he desired to cut short any further talk between us. I thought I understood why. Further talk might have let me into the secret of what Miss Rachel had said to him on the terrace.

So they drove away to Frizinghall. I was ready enough, in the girl's own interest, to have a little talk with Rosanna in private. But the needful opportunity failed to present itself. She only came down stairs again at tea-time. When she did appear she was flighty and excited, had what they call an hysterical attack, took a dose of sal volatile by my lady's order, and was sent back to her bed.

The day wore on to its end drearily and miserably enough, I can tell you. Miss Rachel still kept her room, declaring that she was too ill to come down to dinner that day. My lady was in such low spirits about her daughter that I could not bring myself to make her additionally anxious by reporting what Rosanna Spearman had said to Mr. Franklin. Penelope persisted in believing that she was to be forthwith tried, sentenced, and transported for theft. The other women took to their Bibles and hymn-books, and looked as sour as verjuice over their reading—a result, which I have observed, in my sphere of life, to follow generally on the performance of acts of piety at unaccustomed periods of the day. As for me, I hadn't even heart enough to open my Robinson Crusoe. I went out into the yard, and being hard up for a little cheerful society, set my chair by the kennels and talked to the dogs.

Half an hour before dinner-time the two gentlemen came back from Frizinghall, having arranged with Superintendent Seegrave that he was to return to us the next day. They had called on Mr. Murthwaite, the Indian traveler, at his present residence, near the town. At Mr. Franklin's request he had kindly given them the benefit of his knowledge of the language, in dealing with those two, out of the three Indians, who knew nothing of English. The examination, conducted carefully, and at great length, had ended in nothing; not the shadow of a reason being discovered for suspecting the jugglers of having tampered with any of our servants. On reaching that conclusion Mr. Franklin had sent his telegraphic message to London, and there the matter now rested till to-morrow came.

So much for the history of the day that followed the birthday. Not a glimmer of light had broken in on us so far. A day or two after, however, the darkness lifted a little. How, and with what result, you shall presently see.

CHAPTER XII.

THE Thursday night passed, and nothing happened. With the Friday morning came two pieces of news.

Item the first: The baker's man declared he had met Rosanna Spearman, on the previous afternoon, with a thick veil on, walking toward Frizinghall by the foot-path way over the moor. It seemed strange that any body should be mistaken about Rosanna, whose shoulder marked her out pretty plainly, poor thing—but mistaken the man must have been; for Rosanna, as you know, had been all the Thursday afternoon ill up stairs in her room.

Item the second came through the postman. Worthy Mr. Candy had said one more of his many unlucky things, when he drove off in the rain on the birthday night, and told me that a doctor's skin was water-proof. In spite of his skin the wet had got through him. He had caught a chill that night and was now down with a fever. The last accounts, brought by the postman, represented him to be light-headed—talking nonsense as glibly, poor man, in his delirium as he often talked it in his sober sense. We were all sorry for the little doctor; but Mr. Franklin appeared to regret his illness chiefly on Miss Rachel's account. From what he said to my lady while I was in the room at breakfast-time he appeared to think that Miss Rachel—if the suspense about the Moonstone was not soon set at rest—might stand in urgent need of the best medical advice at our disposal.

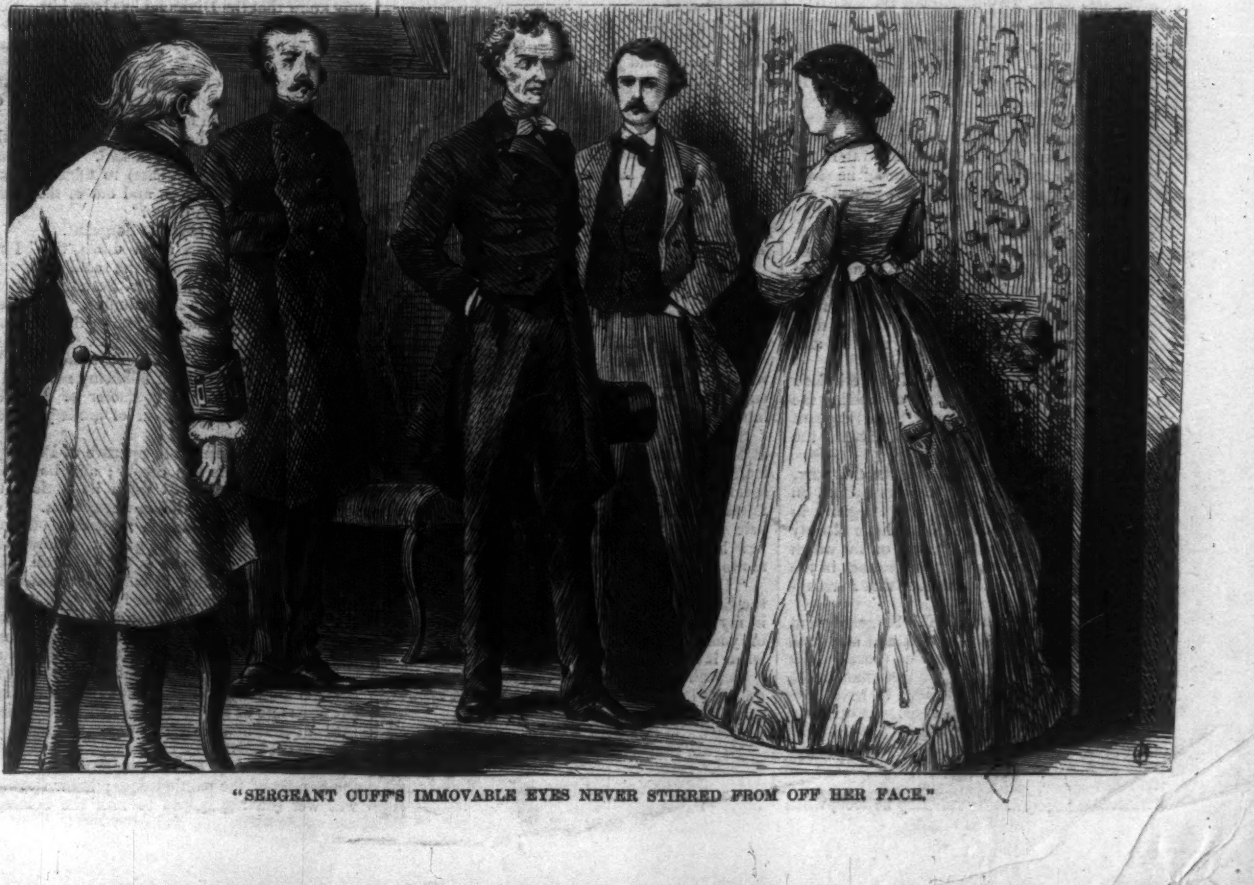
Breakfast had not been over long when a telegram from Mr. Blake, the elder, arrived in answer to his son. It informed us that he had laid hands (by help of his friend the Commissioner) on the right man to help us. The name of him was Sergeant Cuff, and the arrival of him from London might be expected by the morning train.

At reading the name of the new police-officer Mr. Franklin gave a start. It seems that he had heard some curious anecdotes about Sergeant Cuff from his father's lawyer during his stay in London. "I begin to hope we are seeing the end of our anxieties already," he said. "If half the stories I have heard are true, when it comes to unraveling a mystery there isn't the equal in England of Sergeant Cuff!"

We all got excited and impatient as the time drew near for the appearance of this renowned and capable character. Superintendent Seegrave returning to us at his appointed time, and hearing that the Sergeant was expected, instantly shut himself up in a room, with pen, ink, and paper, to make notes of the Report which would be certainly expected from him. I should have liked to have gone to the station myself to fetch the Sergeant. But my lady's carriage and horses were not to be thought of, even for the celebrated Cuff; and the pony-chaise was required later for Mr. Godfrey. He deeply regretted being obliged to leave his aunt at such an anxious time; and he kindly put off the hour of his departure till as late as the last train, for the purpose of hearing what the clever London police-officer thought of the case. But on Friday night he must be in town, having a Ladies' Charity, in difficulties, waiting to consult him on Saturday morning.

When the time came for the Sergeant's arrival I went down to the gate to look out for him.

A fly from the railway drove up as I reached the lodge; and out got a grizzled, elderly man, so miserably lean that he looked as if he had not got an ounce of flesh on his bones in any part of him. He was dressed all in decent black, with a white cravat round his neck. His face was as sharp as a hatchet, and the skin of it was as yellow and dry and withered as an autumn leaf. His eyes, of a steely light gray, had a very disconcerting trick, when they encountered your eyes, of looking as if they expected something more from you than you were aware of yourself. His walk was soft; his voice was melancholy; his long lanky fingers were hooked like claws. He might have been a parson, or an undertaker, or any thing else you like, except what he really was. A more complete opposite to Superintendent Seegrave than Sergeant Cuff, and a less comforting officer to look at for a family in distress, I defy you to discover, search where you may.



"SERGEANT CUFF'S IMMOVABLE EYES NEVER STIRRED FROM OFF HER FACE."

"Is this Lady Verinder's?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir."

"I am Sergeant Cuff."

"This way, Sir, if you please."

On our road to the house I mentioned my name and position in the family to satisfy him that he might speak to me about the business on which my lady was to employ him. Not a word did he say about the business, however, for all that. He admired the grounds, and remarked that he felt the sea-air very brisk and refreshing. I privately wondered, on my side, how the celebrated Cuff had got his reputation. We reached the house, in the temper of two strange dogs, coupled up together for the first time in their lives by the same chain.

Asking for my lady, and hearing that she was in one of the conservatories, we went round to the gardens at the back and sent a servant to seek her. While we were waiting Sergeant Cuff looked through the evergreen arch on our left, spied out our rosary, and walked straight in, with the first appearance of any thing like interest that he had shown yet. To the gardener's astonishment, and to my disgust, this celebrated policeman proved to be quite a mine of learning on the trumpery subject of rose-gardens.

"Ah, you've got the right exposure here to the south and sou'west," says the Sergeant, with a wag of his grizzled head, and a streak of pleasure in his melancholy voice. "This is the shape for a rosary—nothing like a circle set in a square. Yes, yes; with walks between all the beds. But they ouglith't to be gravel-walks like these. Grass, Mr. Gardener—grass walks between your roses; gravel's too hard for them. That's a sweet pretty bed of white roses and blush roses. They always mix well together, don't they? Here's the white musk-rose, Mr. Betteredge—our old English rose holding up its head along with the best and the newest of them. Pretty dear!" says the Sergeant, fondling the Musk-Rose with his lanky fingers, and speaking to it as if he was speaking to a child.

This was a nice sort of man to recover Miss Rachel's Diamond, and to find out the thief who stole it!

"You seem to be fond of roses, Sergeant?" I remarked.

"I haven't much time to be fond of any thing," says Sergeant Cuff. "But, when I *have* a moment's fondness to bestow, most times, Mr. Betteredge, the roses get it. I began my life among them in my father's nursery garden, and I shall end my life among them if I can. Yes. One of these days (please God) I shall retire from catching thieves, and try my hand at growing roses. There will be grass walks, Mr. Gardener, between my beds," says the Sergeant, on whose mind the gravel-paths of a rosary seemed to dwell unpleasantly.

"It seems an odd taste, Sir," I ventured to say, "for a man in your line of life."

"If you will look about you (which most people won't do)," says Sergeant Cuff, "you will see that the nature of a man's tastes is, most times, as opposite as possible to the nature of a man's business. Show me any two things more opposite one from the other than a rose and a thief, and I'll correct my tastes accordingly—if it isn't too late at my time of life. You find the damask-rose a goodish stock for most of the tender sorts, don't you, Mr. Gardener? Ah! I thought so. Here's a lady coming. Is it Lady Verinder?"

He had seen her before either I or the gardener had seen her—though we knew which way to look, and he didn't. I began to think him rather a quicker man than he appeared to be at first sight.

The Sergeant's appearance, or the Sergeant's errand—one or both—seemed to cause my lady some little embarrassment. She was, for the first time in all my experience of her, at a loss what to say at an interview with a stranger. Sergeant Cuff put her at her ease directly. He asked if any other person had been employed about the robbery before we sent for him; and hearing that another person had been called in, and was now in the house, begged leave to speak to him before any thing else was done.

My lady led the way back. Before he followed her, the Sergeant relieved his mind on the subject of the gravel-walks by a parting word to the gardener. "Get her ladyship to try grass," he said, with a sour look at the paths. "No gravel! no gravel!"

Why Superintendent Seegrave should have appeared to be several sizes smaller than life, on being presented to Sergeant Cuff, I can't undertake to explain. I can only state the fact. They retired together; and remained a weary long time shut up from all mortal intrusion. When they came out Mr. Superintendent was excited and Mr. Sergeant was yawning.

"The Sergeant wishes to see Miss Verinder's sitting-room," says Mr. Seegrave, addressing me with great pomp and eagerness. "The Sergeant may have some questions to ask. Attend the Sergeant, if you please!"

While I was being ordered about in this way, I looked at the great Cuff. The great Cuff, on his side, looked at Superintendent Seegrave in that quietly expecting way which I have already noticed. I can't affirm that he was on the watch for his brother-officer's speedy appearance in the character of an Ass—I can only say that I strongly suspected it.

I led the way up stairs. The Sergeant went softly all over the Indian cabinet and all round the "boudoir;" asking questions (occasionally only of Mr. Superintendent, and continually of me), the drift of which I believe to have been equally unintelligible to both of us. In due time his course brought him to the door, and put him face to face with the decorative painting that you know of. He laid one lean inquiring finger on the small smear, just under the lock, which Superintendent Seegrave had already noticed, when he reproved the women-servants for all crowding together into the room.

"That's a pity," says Sergeant Cuff. "How did it happen?"

He put the question to me. I answered that the women-servants had crowded into the room on the previous morning, and that some of their petticoats had done the mischief. "Superintendent Seegrave ordered them out, Sir," I added, "before they did any more harm."

"Right!" says Mr. Superintendent, in his military way. "I ordered them out. The petticoats did it, Sergeant—the petticoats did it."

"Did you notice which petticoat did it?" asked Sergeant Cuff, still addressing himself, not to his brother-officer, but to me.

"No, Sir."

He turned to Superintendent Seegrave upon that, and said, "*You* noticed, I suppose?"

Mr. Superintendent looked a little taken aback; but he made the best of it. "I can't charge my memory, Sergeant," he said, "a mere trifle—a mere trifle."

Sergeant Cuff looked at Mr. Seegrave as he had looked at the gravel-walks in the rosary, and gave us, in his melancholy way, the first taste of his quality which we had had yet.

"I made a private inquiry last week, Mr. Superintendent," he said. "At one end of the inquiry there was a murder, and at the other end there was a spot of ink on a table-cloth that nobody could account for. In all my experience along the dirtiest ways of this dirty little world I have never met with such a thing as a trifle yet. Before we go a step further in this business we must see the petticoat that made the smear, and we must know for certain when that paint was wet."

Mr. Superintendent—taking his set-down rather sulkily—asked if he should summon the women. Sergeant Cuff, after considering a minute, sighed, and shook his head.

"No," he said, "we'll take the matter of the paint first. It's a question of Yes or No with the paint—which is short. It's a question of petticoats with the woman—which is long. What o'clock was it when the servants were in this room yesterday morning? Eleven o'clock—eh? Is there any body in the house who knows whether that paint was wet or dry, at eleven yesterday morning?"

"Her ladyship's nephew, Mr. Franklin Blake, knows," I said.

"Is the gentleman in the house?"

Mr. Franklin was as close at hand as could be—waiting for his first chance of being introduced to the great Cuff. In half a minute he was in the room, and was giving his evidence as follows:

"That door, Sergeant," he said, "has been painted by Miss Verinder, under my inspection, with my help, and in a vehicle of my own composition. The vehicle dries whatever colors may be used with it in twelve hours."

"Do you remember when the smeared bit was done, Sir?" asked the Sergeant.

"Perfectly," answered Mr. Franklin. "That was the last morsel of the door to be finished. We wanted to get it done on Wednesday last, and I myself completed it by three in the afternoon, or soon after."

"To-day is Friday," said Sergeant Cuff, addressing himself to Superintendent Seegrave. "Let us reckon back, Sir. At three on the Wednesday afternoon, that bit of the painting was completed. The vehicle dried it in twelve hours—that is to say, dried it by three o'clock on Thursday morning. At eleven on Thursday morning you held your inquiry here. Take three from eleven, and eight remains. That paint had been *eight hours dry*, Mr. Superintendent, when you supposed that the women-servants' petticoats smeared it."

First knock-down blow for Mr. Seegrave! If he had not suspected poor Penelope, I should have pitied him.

Having settled the question of the paint, Sergeant Cuff, from the moment, gave his brother-officer up as a bad job—and addressed himself to Mr. Franklin, as the more promising assistant of the two.

"It's quite on the cards, Sir," he said, "that you have put the clew into our hands."

As the words passed his lips the bedroom door opened and Miss Rachel came out among us suddenly.

She addressed herself to the Sergeant, without appearing to notice (or to heed) that he was a perfect stranger to her.

"Did you say," she asked, pointing to Mr. Franklin, "that *he* had put the clew into your hands?"

("This is Miss Verinder," I whispered, behind the Sergeant.)

"That gentleman, miss," says the Sergeant—with his steely-gray eyes carefully studying my young lady's face—"has possibly put the clew into our hands."

She turned for one moment, and tried to look at Mr. Franklin. I say tried, for she suddenly looked away again before their eyes met. There seemed to be some strange disturbance in her mind. She colored up, and then she turned pale again. With the paleness there came a new look into her face, a look which it startled me to see.

"Having answered your question, miss," says the Sergeant, "I beg leave to make an inquiry in my turn. There is a smear on the painting of your door here. Do you happen to know when it was done? or who did it?"

Instead of making any reply, Miss Rachel went on with her questions as if he had not spoken, or as if she had not heard him.

"Are you another police-officer?" she asked.

"I am Sergeant Cuff, miss, of the Detective Police."

"Do you think a young lady's advice worth having?"

"I shall be glad to hear it, miss."

"Do your duty by yourself—and don't allow Mr. Franklin Blake to help you!"

She said those words so spitefully, so savagely, with such an extraordinary outbreak of ill-will toward Mr. Franklin, in her voice and her look, that—though I had known her from a baby, though I loved and honored her next to my lady herself—I was ashamed of Miss Rachel for the first time in my life.

Sergeant Cuff's immovable eyes never stirred from off her face. "Thank you, miss," he said. "Do you happen to know any thing about the smear? Might you have done it by accident yourself?"

"I know nothing about the smear."

With that answer she turned away, and shut herself up again in her bedroom. This time, I heard her—as Penelope had heard her before—burst out crying as soon as she was alone again.

I couldn't bring myself to look at the Sergeant—I looked at Mr. Franklin, who stood nearest to me. He seemed to be even more sorely distressed at what had passed than I was.

"I told you I was uneasy about her," he said. "And now you see why."

"Miss Verinder appears to be a little out of temper about the loss of her Diamond," remarked the Sergeant. "It's a valuable jewel. Natural enough! natural enough!"

Here was the excuse that I had made for her (when she forgot herself before Superintendent Seegrave, on the previous day) being made for her over again, by a man who couldn't have had *my* interest in making it—for he was a perfect stranger! A kind of cold shudder ran through me, which I couldn't account for at the time. I know now that I must have got my first suspicion, at that moment, of a new light (and a horrid light) having suddenly fallen on the case, in the mind of Sergeant Cuff—purely and entirely in consequence of what he had seen in Miss Rachel, and heard from Miss Rachel, at that first interview between them.

"A young lady's tongue is a privileged member, Sir," says the Sergeant to Mr. Franklin. "Let us forget what has passed, and go straight on with this business. Thanks to you, we know when the paint was dry. The next thing to discover is when the paint was last seen without that smear. *You* have got a head on your shoulders—and you understand what I mean."

Mr. Franklin composed himself, and came back with an effort from Miss Rachel to the matter in hand.

"I think I do understand," he said. "The more we narrow the question of time the more we also narrow the field of inquiry."

"That's it, Sir," said the Sergeant. "Did you notice your work here on the Wednesday afternoon, after you had done it?"

Mr. Franklin shook his head and answered, "I can't say I did."

"Did *you?*" inquired Sergeant Cuff, turning to me.

"I can't say I did either, Sir."

"Who was the last person in the room, the last thing on Wednesday night?"

"Miss Rachel, I suppose, Sir."

Mr. Franklin struck in there, "Or possibly your daughter, Betteredge." He turned to Sergeant Cuff, and explained that my daughter was Miss Verinder's maid.

"Mr. Betteredge, ask your daughter to step up. Stop!" says the Sergeant, taking me away to the window, out of ear-shot. "Your Superintendent here," he went on, in a whisper, "has made a pretty full report to me of the manner in which he has managed this case. Among other things he has, by his own confession, set the servants' backs up. It's very important to smooth them down again. Tell your daughter, and tell the rest of them, these two things with my compliments: First, that I have no evidence before me, yet, that the Diamond has been stolen; I only know that the Diamond has been lost. Second, that *my* business here with the servants is simply to ask them to lay their heads together and help me to find it."

My experience of the women-servants, when Superintendent Seegrave laid his embargo on their rooms, came in handy here.

"May I make so bold, Sergeant, as to tell the women a third thing?" I asked. "Are they free (with your compliments) to fidget up and down stairs, and whisk in and out of their bedrooms, if the fit takes them?"

"Perfectly free," says the Sergeant.

"*That* will smooth them down, Sir," I remarked, "from the cook to the scullion."

"Go and do it at once, Mr. Betteredge."

I did it in less than five minutes. There was only one difficulty when I came to the bit about the bedrooms. It took a pretty stiff exertion of my authority, as chief, to prevent the whole of the female household from following me and Penelope up stairs, in the character of volunteer witnesses in a burning fever of anxiety to help Sergeant Cuff.

The Sergeant seemed to approve of Penelope. He became a trifle less dreary; and he looked much as he had looked when he noticed the white musk-rose in the flower-garden. Here is my daughter's evidence, as drawn off from her by the Sergeant. She gave it, I think, very prettily—but, there! she is my child all over: nothing of her mother in her; Lord bless you, nothing of her mother in her!

Penelope examined: Took a lively interest in the painting on the door, having helped to mix the colors. Noticed the bit of work under the lock, because it was the last bit done. Had seen it, some hours afterward, without a smear. Had left it, as late as twelve at night, without a smear. Had, at that hour, wished her young lady good-night in the bedroom; had heard the clock strike in the "boudoir;" had her hand at the time on the handle of the painted door; knew the paint was wet (having helped to mix the colors, as aforesaid); took particular pains not to touch it; could swear that she held up the skirts of her dress, and that there was no smear on the paint then; could *not* swear that her dress mightn't have touched it accidentally in going out; remembered the dress she had on, because it was new, a present from Miss Rachel; her father remembered, and could speak to it, too; could, and would, and did fetch it; dress recognized by her father as the dress she wore that night; skirts examined, a long job from the size of them; not the ghost of a paint-stain discovered any where. End of Penelope's evidence—and very pretty and convincing, too. Signed, Gabriel Betteredge.

The Sergeant's next proceeding was to question me about any large dogs in the house who might have got into the room, and done the mischief with a whisk of their tails. Hearing that this was impossible, he next sent for a magnifying-glass, and tried how the smear looked, seen that way. No skin-mark (as of a human hand) printed off on the paint. All the signs visible—signs which told that the paint had been smeared by some loose article of somebody's dress touching it in going by. That somebody (putting together Penelope's evidence and Mr. Franklin's evidence) must have been in the room, and done the mischief, between midnight and three o'clock on the Thursday morning.

Having brought his investigation to this point, Sergeant Cuff discovered that such a person as Superintendent Seegrave was still left in the room, upon which he summed up the proceedings for his brother-officer's benefit, as follows:

"This trifle of yours, Mr. Superintendent," says the Sergeant, pointing to the place on the door, "has grown a little in importance since you noticed it last. At the present stage of the inquiry there are, as I take it, three discoveries to make, starting from that smear. Find out (first) whether there is any article of dress in this house with the smear of the paint on it. Find out (second) who that dress belongs to. Find out (third) how the person can account for having been in this room, and smeared the paint, between midnight and three in the morning. If the person can't satisfy you, you haven't far to look for the hand that has got the Diamond. I'll work this by myself, if you please, and detain you no longer from your regular business in town. You have got one of your men here, I see. Leave him here at my disposal, in case I want him—and allow me to wish you good-morning."

Superintendent Seegrave's respect for the Sergeant was great; but his respect for himself was greater still. Hit hard by the celebrated Cuff, he hit back smartly, to the best of his ability, on leaving the room.

"I have abstained from expressing any opinion, so far," says Mr. Superintendent, with his military voice still in good working order. "I have now only one remark to offer, on leaving this case in your hands. There *is* such a thing, Sergeant, as making a mountain out of a mole-hill. Good-morning."

"There is also such a thing as making nothing out of a mole-hill, in consequence of your head being too high to see it." Having returned his brother-officer's compliment in those terms, Sergeant Cuff wheeled about, and walked away to the window by himself.

Mr. Franklin and I waited to see what was coming next. The Sergeant stood at the window, with his hands in his pockets, looking out, and whistling the tune of the Last Rose of Summer softly to himself. Later in the proceedings, I discovered that he only forgot his manners so far as to whistle, when his mind was hard at work, seeing its way inch by inch to its own private ends, on which occasions the Last Rose of Summer evidently helped and encouraged him. I suppose it fitted in somehow with his character. It reminded him, you see, of his favorite roses, and, as *he* whistled it, it was the most melancholy tune going.

Turning from the window, after a minute or two, the Sergeant walked into the middle of the room, and stopped there, deep in thought, with his eyes on Miss Rachel's bedroom door. After a little he roused himself, nodded his head, as much as to say, "That will do!" and, addressing me, asked for ten minutes' conversation with my mistress, at her ladyship's earliest convenience.

Leaving the room with this message, I heard Mr. Franklin ask the Sergeant a question, and stopped to hear the answer also at the threshold of the door.

"Can you guess yet," inquired Mr. Franklin, "who has stolen the Diamond?"

"*Nobody has stolen the Diamond,*" answered Sergeant Cuff.

We both started at that extraordinary view of the case, and both earnestly begged him to tell us what he meant.

"Wait a little," said the Sergeant. "The pieces of the puzzle are not all put together yet."

THE RED SLEIGH.

WE were all glad enough to gather around the glowing grate and listen to Aunt Sallie's story, for the storm was far too furious for any fun in a sleigh-ride that day.

She was a splendid-looking old lady, and must have been very handsome when young.

She sat looking into the fire for a moment with her spectacled eyes, but she was really looking into the past.

"Things were somewhat different when I was young," said she; "but we loved sleighing as well as you do, and I will tell you the story of a ride we had, ever so many years ago:

"I was independent enough to help take care of myself, and I was teaching school in S——

that winter. It's a city now, but it was only a large village then.

"I boarded with the Olivers, and Hattie Oliver and I were great friends, and, of all the born coquettes I ever saw, she was one of the prettiest and most inveterate.

"She had plenty of admirers, of course, and seemed fairly to delight in teasing them. There were two in particular, and I always wondered how John Forbes and Charlie Simmons could be such confidential intimates under the circumstances.

"John was the richest, and he was a tall, black-haired, handsome fellow, but not very popular. He was kind enough, and full of life and spirits; but Hattie used to say that 'He seemed all the while to be standing up behind himself and studying you, and she hated that.' For my own part, I liked John Forbes amazingly, though he was always shy and quiet in my company. Perhaps because I teased him so unmercifully about Hattie.

"Charlie Simmons was also an excellent fellow, but he hadn't a very glib tongue, and Hattie led him a most uncomfortable sort of a dance.

"Beaux of my own, did you say? Of course I had. Don't interrupt me.

"Now, the joy and pride of John Forbes's heart were his black team and his red sleigh, and they were really the best turn-out in the village in those days. Every day or so that sleigh would pull up in front of our house; but I was too closely confined at the school to be in Hattie's way much.

"John and Charlie made an appointment for one Saturday, however, when we were both at liberty, for a grand trip out on the old south road. The sleighing was splendid, only, if any thing, there was too much snow.

"When they came for us John had his own team, and Charlie had procured a very good one somehow. Hattie, as a matter of course, took her seat in the red sleigh, and I told Charlie how much I pitied him for having to be contented with only me; but he laughed merrily, and seemed so cheerful about it that I didn't feel at all awkward.

"Off we started, all smothered up in furs and curled down in the deep, comfortable 'cutters' as warm as toast. The horses were a perfect jingle of bells, and so full of life that I almost felt nervous about them.

"Hattie was in a gale of spirits that morning, and her merry peals of laughter came back to us with the music of the bells, while from something in John's manner I had a sort of instinct that he had not invited her on that sleigh-ride for nothing; and I was right about it, as I will tell you.

"They had driven three or four miles, and were a good distance ahead of our slower team, but John seemed to be getting more and more silent all the while, and Hattie rallied him about it.

"'I may well be a little sober, Hattie,' said he, 'for I think that to-day may have an influence for good or evil on my whole life.'

"'Why, Mr. Forbes,' said Hattie, 'are you afraid that your horses will run away and smash up your wonderful red sleigh?'

"'No, they know too much for that; but I am going to ask a question that is of great importance,' said he.

"'Why don't you ask it of Sallie, then? She is the schoolmistress, and knows every thing,' said Hattie.

"'Oh, I guess you know quite enough to tell me what I want to learn; and you must answer me truly and frankly, for my happiness for life depends on the result.'

"'It must be a wonderful question,' said Hattie. 'What can it be?'

"'Will you tell me if I ask you?'

"Hattie was beginning to feel a little 'flustered,' as she told me afterward; but her inborn love of mischief and coquetry came upon her too strongly to be resisted.

"They were just then passing a small house by the side of the road that had once been a kind of tavern. The family had moved out of it a few days before, and Hattie knew it, though John did not.

"'Mr. Forbes,' said Hattie, 'won't you be kind enough to stop and get me a glass of water? I can hold the horses.'

"John looked more than a little vexed; but he handed her the reins and jumped out. She gathered them firmly in her plump little hands; and, just as he was about to knock at the door of the empty house, she called out to him:

"'Mr. Forbes, I must take a little time to consider your question before I answer it. I will drive on a mile or so. When I come back perhaps I will tell you.'

"And, with a gay little laugh, Hattie drove recklessly away, leaving poor John looking very much like a fool as he leaned against the door-post.

"'The saucy minx!' said he. 'It's too bad! I wonder if she can manage those horses—they may break her neck before she gets back. Then the others will be here in a minute, and won't they laugh!'

"A new idea got into his head just then, for he was a hard man to catch, and when we came up he was quite ready for us.

"'Hullo, John!' exclaimed Charlie. 'Where's your team? Haven't had a quarrel, have you?'

"'Oh no, not exactly; only Hattie wants a change of drivers. She will be back after you in a minute, and I am to drive Miss Morris. Hattie has got something of great importance to say to you,' said John.

"'Oh! I see,' said Charlie. 'You asked—'

"But John put his finger on his lip, and Charlie stopped short. It was all a mystery to me; but Charlie got out and John got in, and away we whirled, leaving our friend kicking his heels to keep them warm, and looking anxiously for the return of the red sleigh.

"'And so,' said I, 'Hattie Oliver gave you the mitten, did she?'

"I was looking him straight in the face, and he colored as red as his own sleigh at first, as if with vexation; but then he put on a sort of roguish expression, and said:

"'She tried a rather chilly sort of a joke on me, that's all, and I've turned it over to Charlie. Maybe it won't be at my expense now, after all.'

"I thought I saw through it, and we both laughed heartily, but John soon became quite sober and serious again. I thought, though, that I had never seen him look so well as he did just then.

"'Miss Morris,' said he, pretty quickly, as we spun along over the smooth snow, 'I have got a very important question to ask you.'

"'Is it the same one Charlie Simmons was speaking about, and have you asked it of Hattie?' said I, mischievously.

"'It is the same, and yet it isn't, and she ran away from me before I could ask her. It affects my happiness very deeply, and I must have an answer to-day.'

"Somehow I did not want him to say another word just then, and he himself was silent, as if hesitating what to say. We had been driving fast, and had got some distance from where we had left Charlie, and just then we heard the swift jingle of bells coming up the road. It was Hattie in the red sleigh. She had managed to turn the horses around, but, as soon as they were headed for home, they started off at a tremendous pace, and she had not half strength enough to rein them in, though they were not exactly running away. We turned aside to let her pass, and she shot a quick glance of surprise and vexation at John and me as she whirled by us. John was a little scared about her, but he almost laughed as he saw that look.

"'She will need help, I am afraid,' said he. 'We must turn and follow her. Her joke on me is not so very good a one after all.'

"He was really alarmed, and put the borrowed team to its best speed, but they were no match for his own blacks. Hattie did her best, but all in vain, until she came near where Charlie was standing. He had been getting impatient, but he saw at once what was the trouble, and ran out toward her. There was a deep snowbank a little further on, and he pointed to it and shouted to her to turn her horses into it.

"She understood his gestures better than his words, and in a moment more the black team, after a little plunging that only sent them in more deeply, stood snorting and trembling and almost covered up in the snow. Hattie was very nearly buried; but she was a brave girl, and she clung to the reins until Charlie came up, and we were there, too, very quickly.

"The two gentlemen went to work, unhitched the sleigh and pulled it back into the road, and then the horses were got out without much trouble and hitched in again.

"John was afraid to let any one else drive his horses after such an occurrence, and he and I transferred ourselves to the red sleigh, while Charlie and Hattie got into the other.

"She was as mute as a mouse, and I almost pitied her; but I had no need to do so. John was not silent long, but returned to his interrupted question. He was beginning in the same style as before, when I interrupted him again with:

"'Really, Mr. Forbes, you had better get your answer from Hattie. I assure you that it is out of my power to give you any information.'

"'But that can not be,' said he.

"'Well, then, I insist upon it that you get your answer directly from her. She is the only one who will tell you any thing,' said I.

"He looked exceedingly annoyed, and for a moment he was quite severe to his horses.

"'It must be all true, then!' he muttered to himself, and then he was silent for some time.

"What he said, when he did open his mouth, I will tell you by-and-by; but it would spoil the story to tell you now.

"Meantime Charlie and Hattie were following us as best they could, and it wasn't long before he found his tongue to say:

"'Well, Miss Oliver, John tells me that you have something of importance to ask of me!'

"'I? That's only one of his jokes. He just did it to get out of the scrape I put him in.'

"Charlie looked a trifle crest-fallen for a moment; but his mind had been made up that day, and he said:

"'Well, if you have nothing of importance to say to me, *I have* something of importance to say to *you*. First, though, did not John himself ask you a question to-day? He told me he was going to do so?'

"Hattie looked at him in utter astonishment, but she knew how intimate the two men were, and she quietly said:

"'Yes, or he tried to.'

"'And what did you tell him?'

"'I gave him no answer as yet; and if I had, I do not see that *you* have a right to know what my answer was.'

"And her eyes flashed a little, for it was an awkward question to answer.

"'Perhaps I have no right; but he is my best friend, and it is of the utmost importance to him. And now I must ask my own question.'

"He tried several times to do so, while Hattie sat there, coloring and almost crying under the buffalo-robes, but at last it jumped from his lips all at once.

"'Will you be my wife?'

"It was too bad, Hattie thought, knowing, as he did, all about John Forbes, for him to persecute her just then, and she told him so.

"'But,' said he, 'I don't see what John has got to do with it. My question is my own, not his.'

"'But how can I answer you until I have answered him? You must give me time to consider, and now you must drive me directly home.'

"Hattie had made a bad mess of it that morning, and she was now fairly beginning to cry. Charlie Simmons was at his wit's end, but he bit his lips and drove for home as rapidly as his horses could travel.

"We got home before them, of course, and a splendid ride we had of it. I have never seen any thing since that took my fancy half so much as that red sleigh when I turned and looked at it from the door as I went in.

"John came in with me to warm himself, and when Hattie and Charlie entered the parlor we were chatting away cozily enough before the great, old-fashioned fire-place.

"Hattie blushed crimson, and Charlie seemed wonderfully uneasy. I thought I could detect a vexed and anxious expression on John's face, but he said, in his off-hand way:

"'Ah, Miss Hattie Oliver, I'm ahead of you this time. I got an answer to my question in spite of you.'

"I looked daggers at him, and tried to stop him, but he went on.

"'She tells me that the story of the engagement must be one of Widow Stone's own invention. Only there's no need of any more such invention hereafter.'

"Hattie blushed worse than ever, and looked from one of us to the other in a puzzled sort of way, and I could not help laughing.

"'What can you all mean?' said she.

"'I mean, that if you had let me finish my question this morning you wouldn't have been run away with; but i ts all right now.'

"'Is it, old fellow?' said Charlie. 'Then I wish you joy, from the bottom of my heart! Only I haven't been so lucky.'

"Hattie gave him one look, and ran out of the room; but he followed her, and when they came back it was clear that he had made her give him an answer. I suppose it was about such a one as I had given John during my ride in the red sleigh."

That was the end of Aunt Sallie's story; but it puzzled us a little, and one of the girls spoke up:

"Why, Aunt Sally, were you engaged to Mr. Forbes?"

"Yes," said Aunt Sally, "that is the old judge's middle name; and there were so many other Browns in town that he mostly went by it until he became Judge, and that was years after we were married. Sometimes I wish I was young again, and was back with John in the red sleigh, for life isn't all as merry and comfortable as a sleigh-ride."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Household Recipes.—To beat carpets. Use matting: for coolness it *beats carpets*.—To make a window blind. Fill it up with bricks and mortar.—To prevent the creaking of a door. Nail it up.—To obtain sleep. Have nothing but "nodding" acquaintances.—To keep up your spirits. Place the decanters on the roof of the house.

TYPICAL TREES.

For gouty people—the ache corn.
For antiquarians—the date.
For school-boys—the birch.
For Irishmen—the och.
For conjurors—the palm.
For negroes—See dah!
For young ladies—the man go.
For farmers—the plant'in.
For fashionable women—a set of firs.
For dandies—the spruce.
For actors—the pop'lar.
For physicians—syc a more.
For your wife—her will o.
For lovers—the sigh press.
For the disconsolate—the pine.
For engaged people—the pear.
For sewing-machine people—the hemlock.
For boarding-house keepers—'ash.
Always on hand—the pawpaw.
Who this is written for—yew.

A young couple went to a clergyman noted for his waggishness to get married. By an innocent mistake he began to read from his Prayer-book as follows: "Man that is born of woman is full of trouble, and hath but a short time to live." The astonished bridegroom suddenly exclaimed, "Sir, you mistake; we came to be married." "Well," replied the clergyman, "if you insist, I will marry you; but believe me, my friend, you had better be buried."

Boiling water is more estimable than cold, because it can't help rising in esteem.

Why is law a cheap article?—Because it is always afforded at cost.

Why is your last birthday like sour milk?—Because it's something that has occurred (a curd). Ah!

A District School not far away,
'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of threescore mingled girls and boys—
Some few upon their task intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent,
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy book—
When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing SMACK!
As 'twere a heavy battery of bliss
Let off in one tremenduous kiss.
"What's that?" the startled master cries.
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe—
I thaw him kith Thuthannah Peathe."
With frown to make a statue thrill
The master thundered—"Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
The threatener faltered—"I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school to boot—
What evil genius put you to't?"
"'Twas she, herself, Sir," sobbed the lad,
"I didn't mean to be so bad;
And when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
And durst't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, Sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot!
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,
But, somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo—
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

STREET-CAR HINTS.

Gentlemen should stand as thickly as possible on the rear platform, even if there is plenty of room inside. It makes it so pleasant to ladies getting on board.

Don't put out your cigar, but get on the front platform with it, and smoke furiously, particularly if the doors are open and a strong draft blowing through.

Don't neglect to spit as often as possible on the matting. It looks independent.

Look diligently out of the window when a woman enters with a baby in her arms.

Talk politics in a loud voice; the ladies like it so much.

Don't be backward in filling platforms and passage-ways with baskets, bundles, and boxes. That is what the platforms and passage-ways are made for.

Blow up the conductor if he don't hold on for you late at night, or if he does hold on for any body else.

In stepping off when the car is in motion, always do it with your face toward the rear of the car. It is such capital exercise for the legs.

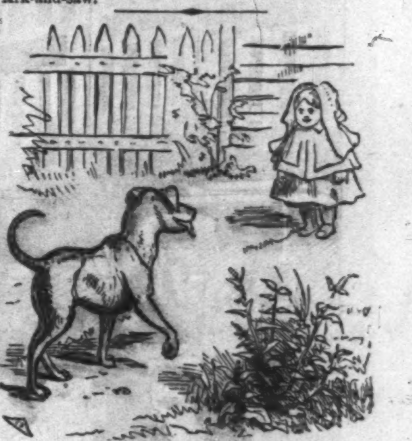
Ladies desiring to take a street-car should wait for one that is most crowded.

The rule is that a car shall only stop on the further side of a crossing. Always expect it to stop on the wrong side, and find fault with the conductor because he don't break orders.

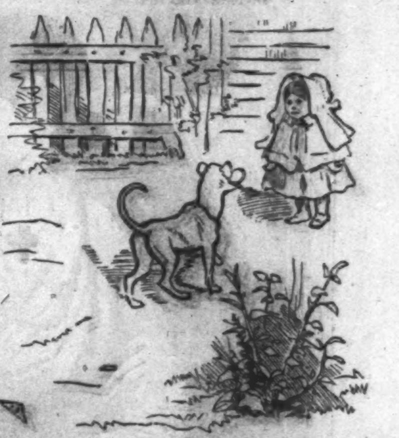
If a conductor observes your signal, and stops his car for you, don't hurry any, even if you are a square or more away. The other passengers will feel so pleasant toward you.

A lady said to a gentleman, who was suffering influenza: "My dear Sir, what do you take for your cold?" "Five pocket-handkerchiefs a day, Madam."

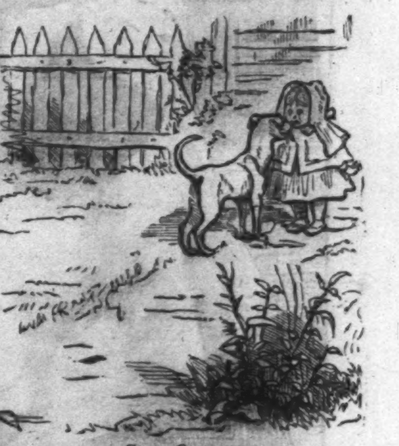
When was Noah in America?—When he was on the Ark-and-saw.



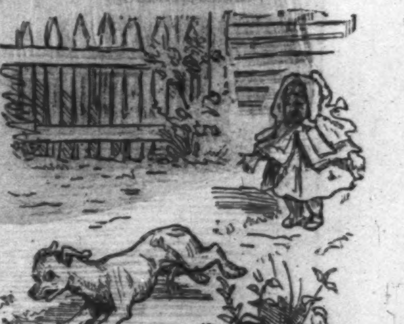
1. The Reconnoitre.



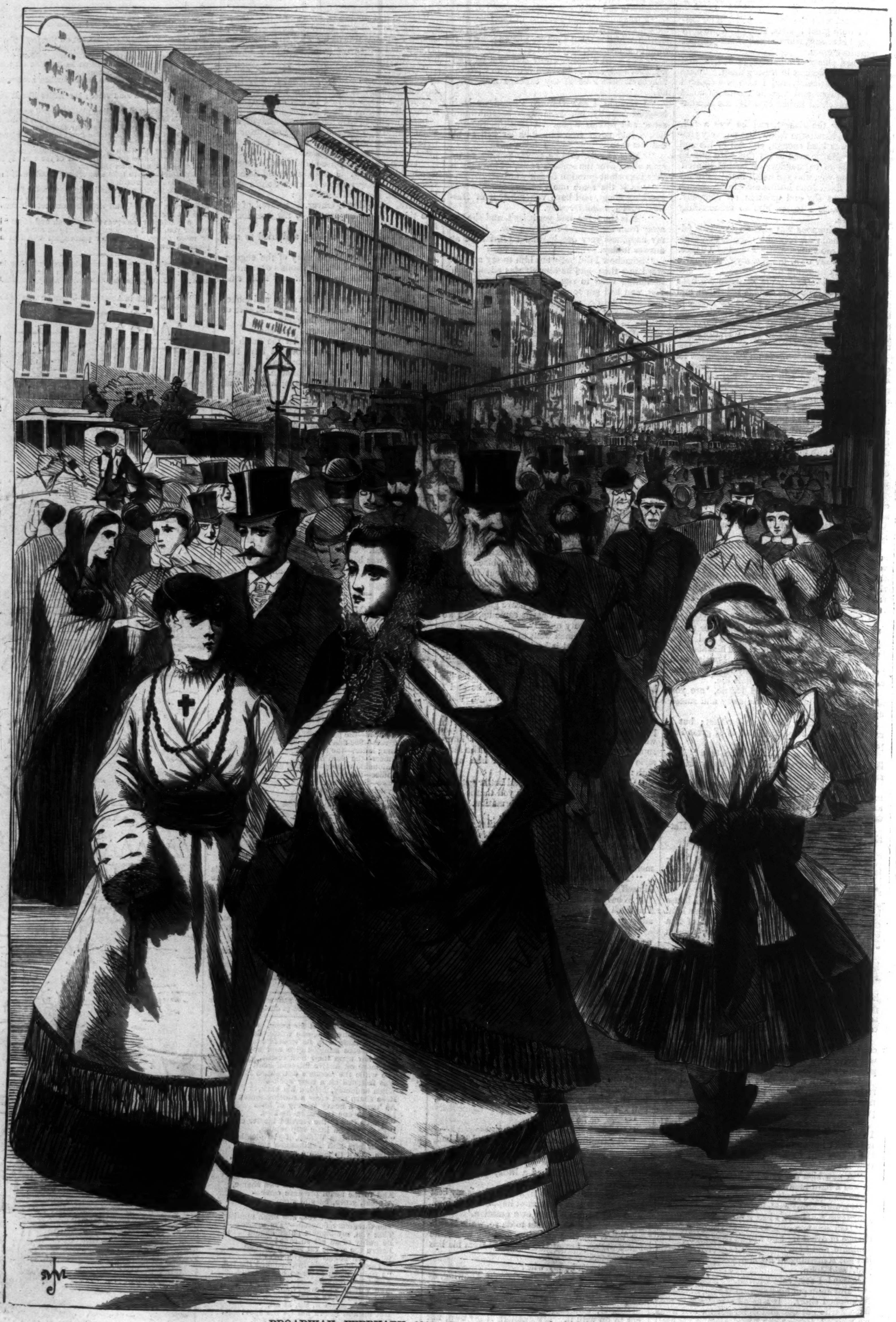
2. The Advance.



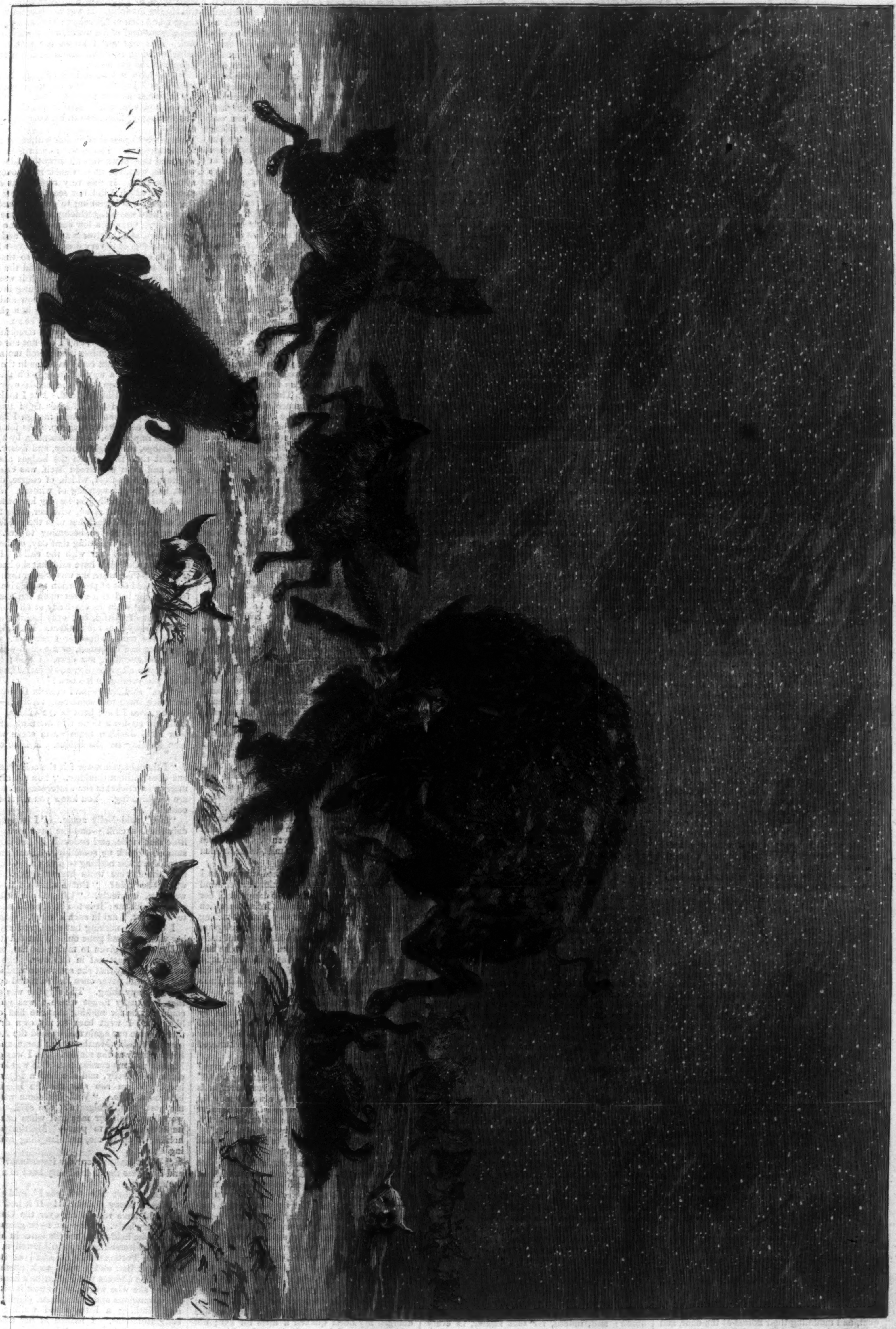
3. Close Quarters.



4. The Retreat.



BROADWAY, FEBRUARY, 1868.—[DRAWN BY W. S. L. JEWETT.]



BUFFALO ATTACKED BY WOLVES.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 106.]

BUFFALO ATTACKED BY WOLVES.

THE buffalo bull is Monarch of his Herd only during his youth; buffalo, like human, nature is ungrateful, and beasts and men renounce servants and leaders alike in their old age. With the buffalo the cry is, "The king is old, long live the young king!" When a buffalo king begins to show signs of decay he is not only deposed as leader, but exiled or driven from the herd as a useless member of buffalo society and left to take care of himself, which, owing to the weakness which caused his repudiation, he is not always able to do. During the summer months these aged exiles roam, sometimes singly, sometimes in bands of four or five, over the choicest pastures of prairie land, where they are safe alike from wolves and Indians. The first, having plenty to eat in summer and being in that season rather the hunted than the hunter, do not care to struggle with the buffaloes; and the Indian has too much aversion to hard work to think of eating an old bull when young ones are to be had in such plenty.

But when the deep snows of winter come, and wolves and buffaloes, too, are well-nigh famished, then comes the "tug of war." Hunger gives the wolves courage, and they attack the old bulls which are left behind by the herds. Several packs join forces, and a buffalo chase takes place the like of which summer hunters never see. Our spirited illustration on page 105 will, however, give them an idea of this exciting hunt—exciting alike to wolves, buffalo, and the fortunate hunter who witnesses it from a safe and respectable distance.

MY NEIGHBOR NELLY.

BY MISS THACKERAY.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

THEY were both my neighbors, of course; but I do not understand what kind of hearts people have who can apportion their love equally, according to the claims of justice. I saw as much of one sister as the other. And Martha was an excellent girl, quite honest and friendly and good; but as for Ellen, there never could be any question about her. One did not even think of discriminating which were her special good qualities. She was Ellen, that was enough; or Nelly, which I prefer for my part. We all lived at Dinglefield Green in the old days. It is a model of a village, in one sense of the word; not the kind of place, it is true, to which the name is generally applied, but a village orné, as there are cottages ornés. The real little hamlet, where the poor people lived, was at a little distance, and gave us plenty of occupation and trouble. But for Dinglefield Green proper, it was such a village as exists chiefly in novels. The Green was the central point, a great triangular breadth of soft grass, more like a small common than a village green, with the prettiest houses round—houses inclosed in their own grounds—houses at the very least embosomed in pretty gardens, peeping out from among the trees. None of us were *very* rich; nor was there any thing that could be called a "place" in the circle of dwellings. But I believe there was as much good blood and good connection among us as are usually to be found in a much larger community. The great house opposite, which was separated from the Green by a ha-ha, and opened to us only a pretty sweep of lawn, looking almost like a park, belonged to Sir Thomas Denzil, whose pedigree, as every body knows, is longer than the Queen's. Next to him was Mrs. Stokes's pretty cottage—one of the Stokes who have given their name to places all over the country: the son is now General Stokes, a C.B., and I don't know what besides; and her daughter married Lord Leamington. Next to that—but it is needless to give a directory of the place—probably our neighbors, generally, may appear in their proper persons before my story is done.

The sisters lived next to me: my house lay, as their father said, athwart their bows. The Admiral was too much a gentleman to talk ship, or shop, as the gentlemen call it, in ordinary conversation; but he did say that my cottage lay athwart his bows; and the girls admitted that it would have been unpleasant had it been any body but me: I was then a rather young widow, and, having no children, did not want much of a house. My cottage was very pretty. I think myself that there was not so pretty a room in all the Green as my drawing-room; but it was small. My house stood with its gable-end to the Green, and fronted the hedge which was the boundary of Admiral Fortis's grounds. His big gate and my small one were close together. If the hedge had been cut down I should have commanded a full view of the lawn before his house and the door; and nobody could have gone out or come in without my inspection. They were so friendly that it was once proposed to cut it down, and give me and my flowers more air; but we both reflected that we were mortal; circumstances might change with both of us; I might die, and some one else come to the cottage, whose inspection might not be desirable; or the Admiral might die, and his girls be married, and strangers come. In short, the end of it was that the hedge remained; but instead of being a thick holly wall, like the rest of my inclosure, it was a picturesque hedge of hawthorn, which was very sweet in spring and a perfect mass of convolvulus in autumn; and it had gaps in it and openings. Nelly herself made a round cutting just opposite my window, and twined the honey-suckle into a frame for it. I could see them through it as I sat at work. I could see them at their croquet, and mounting their horses at the door, and going out for their walks, and doing their capricious gardening. It was Nelly only who ever attempted to work in the garden; the other was afraid of her hands and her complexion, and a hundred things. Nelly was not afraid of any thing—not even of Mr. Nicholson, the gardener, who filled me with awe and trembling. Perhaps you may say that there was not much fear of her complexion. She was brown, to begin with; but the prettiest brown—clear, with crimson flushes that went and came, and changed her aspect every moment. Her eyes were the softest dark eyes I ever saw; they did not penetrate or flash or sparkle, but glowed on you with a warm lambent light. In winter, with her red cloak on, she was the prettiest little figure; and the cold suited her, and made her glow and bound about like a creature of air. As for Martha, she was a great deal larger and whiter than her sister. I suppose, on the whole, she was the prettier of the two though she did not suit me. They were their father's only children, and he was very fond of them. Their mother had been dead so long that they had no recollection of her; and the girls were not without those defects which girls brought up by a man are so apt to have. They were rather disposed to think that any thing could be had for a little coaxing. Perhaps they had more confidence in their own blandishments than is common with girls, and were more ready to use them, knowing how powerless papa was against their arts. They were badly educated, for the same reason. The Admiral was too fond of them to part with them; and he was one of the men who fear reports and rumors, and would not have a lady, not even a middle-aged governess, in his house. He had expensive masters for his girls, and the girls did what they pleased with those excellent gentlemen, and grew up with the very smallest amount of education compatible with civilization. I rather liked it, I confess, in Nelly, who was very bright, and asked about every thing, and jumped at an instant understanding of most things she heard of. But it did not answer in Martha's case, who was not bright, and was the sort of girl who wanted to be taught music, for instance, properly, and to practice six hours a day. Without being taught, and without practicing, the good girl (for Nelly, as she explained, had no taste for music) thought it her duty to play to amuse her friends; and the result was a trial to the temper of Dinglefield Green. We had some very good musicians among us, and Martha heard them continually, but never was enlightened as to the nature of her own performance; whereas Nelly knew, and grew crimson every time her sister approached the piano. But Nelly was my favorite, as every body said; and perhaps, as a natural consequence, I did her sister less than justice.

We led a very pleasant, neighborly life in those days. Some of us were richer, and some poorer; but we all visited each other. The bigger houses asked the smaller ones to dinner, and did not disdain to pay a return visit to tea. In the summer afternoons, if you crossed the Green (and could hear any thing for the noise the cricketers made), you would be sure to hear, in one quarter or another, the click of the croquet balls, and find all the young people of the place assembled over their game, not without groups of the elder ones sitting round on the edge of the well-mown lawns. When I settled there first I was neither young nor old, and there was a difficulty which party to class me with; but by degrees I found my place among the mothers, or aunts, or general guardians of the society; and by degrees my young neighbors came to be appropriated to me as my particular charge. We walked home together, and we went to parties together; and, of course, a little gossip got up about the Admiral—gossip which was entirely without foundation, for I detest second marriages, and, indeed, have had quite enough of it for my part. But Nelly took a clinging to me—I don't say a fancy, which would be too light a word. She had never known a woman intimately before—never one older than herself, to whom she was half a child and half a companion. And she liked it, and so did I.

There was one absurd peculiarity about the two girls which I shall always think was the foundation of all the mischief. They never called each other, nor were called, by their names. They were "the sisters" to every body. I suppose it was a fancy of their father's—he called them "the sisters" always. They called each other Sister when they spoke to or of each other. It annoyed me at first, and I made an attempt to change the custom. But Martha disliked her name. She had been called after her grandmother, and she thought it was a shame. "Martha and Ellen!" she said, indignantly. "What could papa be thinking of? It sounds like two old women in the alms-house. And other girls have such pretty names. If you call me Martha, Mrs. Mulgrave, I will never speak to you again." When one thought of it, it was a hard case. I felt for her, for my own name is Sarah, and I remember the trouble it was to me when I was a girl; and the general use and wont of course overcame me at last. They were called "the sisters" every where on the Green. I believe some of us did not even know their proper names. I said mischief might come of it, and they laughed at me; but there came a time when Nelly, at least, laughed at me no more.

It was in the early summer that young Llewellyn came to stay with the Denzils at their great house opposite. He was a distant cousin of theirs, which was a warrant that his family was all that could be desired. And he had a nice little property in Wales, which had come to him unexpectedly on the death of an elder brother. And, to crown all, he was a sailor, having gone into the navy when he was a second son. Of course, being a naval man, it was but natural that he should be brought to the Admiral first of all. And he very soon got to be very intimate in the house; and, indeed, for that matter, in every house in the Green. I believe it is natural to sailors to have that hearty, cordial way. He came to see me, though I had no particular attraction for him, as cheerfully as if I had been a girl, or alas! had girls of my own. Perhaps it was the opening in the hedge that pleased him. He would sit and look, but he did not speak to me of the sisters—more's the pity. He was shy of that subject. I could see he was in real earnest, as the children say, by his shyness about the girls. He would say something about them, and then rush on to another subject, and come back again half an hour after to the identical point he had started from. But I suppose it never occurred to him that I had any skill to fathom that. He went with them on all their picnics, and was at all their parties; and he rode with them, riding very well for a sailor. The rides are beautiful round Dinglefield. There is a royal park close at hand, where you can go and hide yourself in grassy glades and alleys without number. I have even been tempted to put myself on my old pony and wander about with them on the springy turf under the trees; though, as for their canterings and gallopings, and the way in which Nelly's horse kicked its heels about when it got excited, they were always alarming to me. But it was a pleasant life. There is something in that moment of existence when the two who are to go together through life see each other first, and are mysteriously attracted toward each other, and forswear their own ideal and all their dreams, and mate themselves under some secret compulsion which they do not understand—I say there is something in such a moment which throws a charm over life to all their surroundings. Though it be all over for us; though, perhaps, we may have been in our own persons thoroughly disenchanted, or may even have grown bitter in our sense of the difference between reality and romance, still the progress of an incipient wooing gives a zest to our pleasure. There is something in the air, some magical influence, some glamour, radiating from the hero and the heroine. When every thing is settled, and the wedding looms in sight, fairy-land melts away, and the lovers are no more interesting than any other pair. It is, perhaps, the uncertainty, the chance of disaster; the sense that one may take flight or offense, or that some rival may come in, or a hundred things happen to dissipate the rising tenderness. There is the excitement of a drama about it—a drama subject to the curious contradictions of actual existence, and utterly regardless of all the unities. I thought I could see the little sister, who was my pet and favorite, gradually grouping thus with young Llewellyn. They got together somehow, whatever the arrangements of the party might be. They might drive to the Dingle, which was our favorite spot, in different carriages, with different parties, and at different times; but they were always to be found together under the trees when every body had arrived. Perhaps they did not yet know it themselves; but other people began to smile, and Lady Denzil, I could see, was watching Nelly. She had other views, I imagine, for her young cousin since he came to the estate. Nelly, too, once had very different views. I knew what her ideal was. It, or rather he, was a blond young giant, six feet at least, with blue eyes, and curling, golden hair. He was to farm his own land, and live a country life, and be of no profession; and he was to be pure Saxon, to counterbalance a little defect in Nelly's race; or rather, as she supposed, in her complexion, occasioned by the fact that her mother was of Spanish blood. Such was her ideal, as she had often confided to me. It was funny to see how this gigantic and glorious vision melted out of her mind. Llewellyn was not very tall; he was almost as dark as Nelly; he was a sailor, and he was a Welshman. What did it matter? One can change one's ideal so easily when one is under twenty. Perhaps in his imagination he had loved a milk-white maiden too.

Lady Denzil, however, watched, having, as I shall always believe, other intentions in her mind for Llewellyn, though she had no daughter of her own; and I am sure it was her influence which hurried him away the last day without taking leave of any of us. She kept back the telegram which summoned him to join his ship until there was just time to get the train. And so he had to rush away, taking off his hat to us, and almost getting out of the window of the carriage in his eagerness, when he saw us at the Admiral's door, as he dashed past to the station.

"Good-by, for the moment!" he shouted; "I hope I am coming back." And I could see, by the color in Nelly's cheek, that their eyes had met and understood each other. Her sister bowed and smiled very graciously, and chattered about a hundred things.

"I wonder why he is going in such a hurry? I wonder what he means about coming back?" said Martha. "I am sure I am very sorry he is gone. He was very nice, and always ready for any thing. What a bore a ship is! I remember when papa was like that—always rushing away. Don't you, Sister? but you were too young."

"I remember hearing people talk of it," said Nellie, with a sigh.

She was *rèveuse*, clouded over, every thing that it was natural to be under the circumstances. She would not trust herself to say he was nice. It was I who had to answer, and keep up the conversation for her. For my own part, I confess I was vexed that he had gone so soon—that he was gone without an explanation. These things are far better to be settled out of hand. One goes away; but nobody can make sure how one may come back—or what one may find when one comes back. I was sorry, for I knew a hundred things might happen to detain, or keep him silent; and Nelly's heart was caught, I could see. She had been quite unsuspecting, unfearing; and it was gone ere she understood what she was doing. My heart quaked a little for her; not with any fear of the result, but only with a certain throbbing of experience and anxiety that springs therefrom. Experience does not produce hope in the things of this world. It lays one's heart open to suspicions and fears which never trouble the innocent. It was not because of any thing I had seen in Llewellyn; but because I had seen a great deal of the world, and things in general. This was why I kissed her with a little extra meaning, and told her to lie down on the sofa when she got home.

"You have not been looking your best for some days," I said. "You are not a giantess, nor so robust as you pretend to be. You must take care of yourself." And Nelly, though she made no reply, kissed me in her clinging way in return.

Some weeks passed after that without any particular incident. Things went on in their usual way, and though we were all sorry that Llewellyn was gone, we made no particular moan over him after the first. It was very rarely that a day passed on which I did not see the sisters; but the weather was beginning to get cold, and one Friday there was a fog which prevented me from going out. Ours is a low country, with a great many trees, and the river is not far off; and when there is a fog, it is very dreary and overwhelming. It closes in over the Green, so that you can not see an inch before you; and the damp creeps into your very bones, though it was only the end of October, and the trees hung invisible over our heads in heavy masses, now and then dropping a faded leaf out of the fog in a ghostly, silent way: the chill went to one's heart. I had a new book, for which I was very thankful, and my fire burned brightly, and I did not stir out of doors all day. I confess it surprised me a little that the girls did not come in to me in the evening, as they had a way of doing, with their red cloaks round them, and the hoods over their heads, like Red Riding Hood. But I took it for granted they had some friends from town, or something pleasant on hand; though I had not heard any carriage driving up. As for seeing that was impossible. Next morning, by a pleasant change, was bright, sunny, and frosty. For the first time that season the hedges and gardens, and even the Green itself, was crisp and white with hoar-frost, which, of course, did not last, but gave us warning of winter. When I went out I met Nelly just leaving her own door. She was in her red cloak, with her dress tucked up, and the little black hat with the red feather, which was always so becoming to her. But either it was not becoming that day, or there was something the matter with the child. I don't remember whether I have said that she had large eyes—eyes that, when she was thinner than usual, or ill, looked out of proportion to the size of her face. They had this effect upon me that day. One did not seem to see Nelly at all; but only a big pair of wistful, soft eyes looking at one, with shadowy lines round them. I was alarmed, to tell the truth, whenever I saw her. Either something had happened, or the child was ill.

"Good-morning, my dear," I said; "I did not see you all yesterday, and it feels like a year. Were you coming to me now?"

"No," said Nelly—and even in the sound of her voice there was something changed—"it is so long since I have been in the village. I had settled to go down there this morning, and take poor Mary Jackson some warm socks we have been knitting for the babies. It is so cold today."

"I thought you never felt the cold," said I, as one does without thinking. "You are always as merry as a cricket in the winter weather when we are all shivering. You know you never feel the cold."

"No," said Nelly again. "I suppose it is only the first chill"—and she gave me a strange little sick smile, and suddenly looked down and stooped to pick up something. I saw in a moment there was nothing to pick up. Could it be that there were tears in her eyes which she wanted to hide? "But I must go now," she went on, hurriedly. "Oh no, don't think of coming with me; it is too cold, and I shall have to walk fast, I am in such a hurry. Good-by."

I could do nothing but stand and stare after her when she had gone on. What did it mean? Nelly was not given to taking fancies, or losing temper—at least not in this way. She walked away so rapidly that she seemed to vanish out of my sight, and never once looked round or turned aside for any thing. The surprise was so great that I actually forgot where I was going. It could not be for nothing that she had changed like this. I went back to my own door, and then I came out again and opened the Admiral's gate. Probably Martha was at home, and would know what was the matter. As I was going in Martha met me coming out. She was in her red cloak, like Nelly, and she had a letter in her hand. When she saw me she laughed and blushed a little. "Will you come with me to the post, Mrs. Mulgrave?" she said. "Sister would not wait for me; and when one has an important letter to post—" Martha went on, holding it up to me, and laughing and blushing again.

"What makes it so very important?" said I; and I confess that I tried very hard to make out the address.

"Oh, didn't she tell you?" said Martha. "What a funny girl she is! If it had been me I should have rushed all over the Green, and told every body. It is—can't you guess?"

And she held out to me the letter in her hand. It was addressed to Captain Llewellyn, H.M.S. *Spitfire*, Portsmouth. I looked at it, and I looked at her, and wonder took possession of me. The address was in Martha's handwriting. It was she who was going to post it; it was she who, conscious and triumphant, giggling a little and blushing a little, stood waiting for my congratulations. I looked at her aghast, and my tongue failed me. "I don't know what it means," I said, gasping. "I can't guess. Is it you who have been writing to Captain Llewellyn, or is it Nelly, or who is it? Can there have been any mistake?"

Martha was offended, as indeed she had reason to be. "There is no mistake," she said, indignantly. "It is a very strange sort of thing to say, when my friend, any acquaintance even, would have congratulated me. And you know us so well! Captain Llewellyn has asked me to marry him—that is all. I thought you might have found out what was coming. But you have no eyes for any body but sister. You never think of me."

"I beg your pardon," said I, faltering; "I was so much taken by surprise. I am sure I wish you every happiness, Martha. Nobody can be more anxious for your welfare than I am—" And here I stopped short in my confusion, choked by the words, and not knowing what to say.

"Yes, I am sure of that," said Martha, affectionately, stopping at the gate to give me a kiss. "I said so to sister this morning. I said I am sure Mrs. Mulgrave will be pleased. But are you *really* so much surprised? Did you never think this was how it was to be?"

"No," I said, trembling in spite of myself; "I never thought of it. I thought, indeed—but that makes no difference now."

"What did you think?" said Martha; and then her private sense of pride and pleasure surmounted every thing else. "Well, you see it *is* so," she said, with a beaming smile. "He kept his own counsel, you see. I should not have thought he was so sly—should you? I dare say he thinks he showed it more than he did; for he says I must have seen how it was from the first day."

And she stood before me so beaming, so dimpling over with smiles and pleasure, that my heart sank within me. Could it be a mistake, or was it I—ah, how little it mattered for me—was it my poor Nelly who had been deceived?

"And did you?" I said, looking into her face, "did you see it from the first day?"

"Well, n-no," said Martha, hesitating; and then she resumed with a laugh, "That shows you how sly he must have been. I don't think I ever suspected such a thing; but then, to be sure, I never thought much about him, you know."

A little gleam of comfort came into my heart as she spoke. "Oh, then," I said, relieved, "there is no occasion for congratulations after all."

"Why is there no occasion for congratulations?" said Martha. "Of course there is occasion. I wanted Sister to run in and tell you last night, but she wouldn't; and I rather wanted you to tell me what I should say, or, rather, how I should say it; but I managed it after all by myself. I suppose one always can, if one tries. It comes by nature, people say." And Martha laughed again, and blushed, and cast a proud glance on the letter she held in her hand.

"But if you never had thought of him yesterday," said I, "you can't have accepted him today."

"Why not?" said Martha, with a toss of her pretty head—and she was pretty, especially in that moment of excitement. I could not refuse to see it. It was a mere piece of pink and white prettiness, instead of my little nut-brown maid, with her soft eyes, and her bright varied gleams of feeling and intelligence. But then you can never calculate on what a man may think in respect to a girl. Men are such fools; I mean where women are concerned.

"Why not?" said Martha, with a laugh. "I don't mean I am frantically in love with him, you know. How could I be, when I never knew he cared for me? But I always said he was very nice; and then it is so suitable. And I don't care for any body else. It would be very foolish of me to refuse him without any reason. Of course," said Martha, looking down upon her letter, "I shall think of him very differently now."

What could I say? I was at my wit's end. I walked on by her side to the post-office in a maze of confusion and doubt. I could have snatched the letter out of her hand, and torn it into a hundred pieces; but that would have done little good; and how could I tell if it was a mistake after all? He might have sought Nelly for her sister's sake. He might have been such a fool, such a dolt, as to prefer Martha. All this time he might but have been making his advances to her covertly—under shield, as it were, of the gay bright creature who was too young and too simple-hearted to understand such devices. Oh, my little nut-brown maid! no wonder her eyes were so large and shadowy, her pretty cheeks so colorless! I could have cried with vexation and despair as I went along step for step with the other on the quiet country road. Though she was so far from being bright, Martha at last was struck by my silence. It took her a considerable time to find it out, for naturally her own thoughts were many, and her mind was fully preoccupied; but she did perceive it at last.

"I don't think you seem to like it, Mrs. Mulgrave," she said; "not so much as I thought you would. You are the very first person I thought of; I was coming to tell you when I met you. And I thought you would sympathize with me and be so pleased to hear—"

"My dear," said I, "I am pleased to hear—any thing that is for your happiness; but then I am so much surprised. It was not what I looked for. And then, good Heavens, if it should turn out to be some mistake—"

"Mrs. Mulgrave," said Martha, angrily, "I don't know what you can mean. This is the second time you have talked of a mistake. What mistake could there be? I suppose Captain Llewellyn knows what he is doing; unless you want to be unkind and cross. And what have I done that you should be so disagreeable to me?"

"Oh, my dear child!" I cried, in despair, "I don't know what I mean; I thought once—there was Major Frost, you know—"

"Oh, is it that?" said Martha, restored to perfect good-humor; "poor Major Frost! But of course if he did not choose to come forward in time he could not expect me to wait for him. You may make your mind quite easy if that is all."

"And then," I said, taking a little courage, "Captain Llewellyn paid Nelly a great deal of attention. He might have thought—"

"Yes," said Martha, "to be sure; and I never once suspected that he meant it for me all the time."

I ask any body who is competent to judge, could I have said any more? I walked to the post-office with her, and I saw the letter put in. And an hour afterward I saw the mail-cart rattling past with the bags, and knew it had set out to its destination. He would get it next morning, and the two lives would be bound for ever and ever. The wrong two?—or was it only we, Nelly and I, who had made the mistake? Had it been Martha he sought all the time?

SENSATIONAL LITERATURE.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, of sensational literary fame, has been publishing in Miss Braddon's highly sensational magazine a defense of "Sensationalism in Literature and Art," in which he speaks thus:

"What is Sensationalism, and who is Sensational? I will strive to tell you. The late Mr. William Shakspeare was an arrant sensational writer. He wrote the play of 'Macbeth,' which is founded mainly on murder and witchcraft. He wrote 'Hamlet,' in which there are many murders, a suicide, a suspicion of madness, and a ghost. He wrote 'Othello,' in which there is jealousy, and also murder. He wrote 'King Lear,' in which there is murder, blindness, and madness. He wrote 'Antony and Cleopatra,' in which there is suicide. He wrote 'Julius Cæsar,' in which there is murder and a ghost. He wrote 'Richard the Third,' in which there are no end of murders and no end of ghosts. He wrote 'Romeo and Juliet,' in which there is poison, murder, and premature interment. He wrote the 'Merchant of Venice,' in which there is robbery and elopement, and an attempt on the part of a Jew bill-discounter to cut open the stomach of a Christian gentleman. The late M. de Voltaire highly objected to Shakspeare's sensationalism. He called him *un barbare grotesque.* He preferred murder *à la Grecque*, when you only hear the murdered Agamemnon groaning behind the scenes. He liked Peloponnesian adultery, Heracleidan seduction, and Attic incest. Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, were not sensational writers. Ben's most sensational play, 'The Alchemist,' is made up of the humors of a conjuror, a swindler, and a woman of the town. Desdemona is sensational; Doll Common is not so. Beaumont and Fletcher depicted the 'humor' of their age with strength, richness, and raciness; they represented the manners of their time with pliancy, variety, and fidelity; but their plays were plays of Manners, and not of Human Nature. What has become of Etherege's 'Love in a Tub,' and Wycherley's 'Gentleman Dancing-master,' and Rowe's 'Biter?' Where are Massinger, Shirley, Vanbrugh, Congreve, and Farquhar? Who save bookworms reads the 'Scornful Lady,' or the 'Custom of the Country,' or the 'Beggar's Bush,' or the 'Humorous Lieutenant,' or the 'Little French Lawyer,' or the 'Laws of Candy?' Who knows much about 'The Fox,' or the 'New Inn,' or the 'Staple of News?' Yet the people who wrote these things were cried up by self-conceited wits and sages as infinitely superior to Shakspeare. Have they kept possession of the stage? Will they ever obtain possession of the stage again? Away from bookmen's shelves, the whole rout of them are as dead and gone as a chandler-shopkeeper's ledger of the year before last.

"In the opinion of dolts, and dullards, and envious backbiters, every thing is 'sensational' that is vivid, and nervous, and forcible, and graphic, and true. There is no sensation in the wretched daubs of Benjamin West, or the heartless tea-tray varnishing of Mings; but there is most deleterious sensationalism in Fuseli, and Hogarth, and Goya. Miguel de Cervantes wrote sensationally, but Gongora would have scorned the act. Camoens was sensational, but Lousada was 'classic.' Wedgewood was a sensational potter, and Flaxman a sensational sculptor. The revival of wood-engraving was a 'sensation' as bitterly deprecated by the old admirers of namby-pamby stipple and woolly mezzotint as vaccination was by the advocates of inoculation. The *Grub Street Journal* and the *Daily Intelligencer* were not sensational papers. The *Telegraph*, the *Standard*, and the *Star* are clearly sensational. Mr. Millais is a sensational painter, so is Mr. Holman Hunt. Mr. Woolner is a sensational sculptor; Mr. Ruskin's art-criticisms are sensational; Mr. Darwin is a sensational philosopher; Mr. Fechter is a sensational actor; Mr. Spurgeon is a sensational preacher; Dr. Cumming is a sensational theologian; so, from another point of view, is Dr. Newman; so, from another point, is Professor Maurice. As for Mr. Kingsley, as poet, novelist, parson, and historian, he was always sensational. *Belgravia* is a sensational magazine, and Miss Braddon is a dreadfully sensational novelist. M. Nélaton is a sensational surgeon; M. Edmond About a sensational wit; Napoleon III. a sensational sovereign; and Graf von Bismarck a sensational statesman. As for Garibaldi, he was never more than a sensational patriot; and it was only General Grant's sensational obduracy that caused the Southern Confederacy to collapse.

"This is the cry, this is the yelp, this is the howl in which the dullards, and the dolts, and the backbiters revel. Suppose that the sensible portion of society consented just for a season to lay down their arms, and allow the non-sensationalists to have their way? No more sensation plays, no more sensation poems—by-the-way, 'Maud' is glaringly sensational, and so is 'Enoch Arden'—no more sensation novels, no more sensation leading-articles, no more sensation pictures, no more sensation sermons, no more sensation speeches. Let us go back to the calmly dull, to the tranquilly inane, to the timorously decorous, to the sweetly stupid. Don't let us move, don't let us travel, don't let us hear or see any thing; but let us write sonnets to Chloe, and play madrigals on the spinnet, and dance minuets, and pray to Heaven against Sensationalism, the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender; and then let Dullness reign triumphant, and Universal Darkness cover all."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

FIFTY years ago a single room in a private dwelling was our Post-office, and one man and one boy were considered competent to receive, deliver, distribute, and make up the mails that came into and left this city. To-day, in addition to our General Post-office, there are fourteen stations, one of which, Station D, is said to receive, assort, and deliver more letters than does the Post-office at Albany; and hundreds are employed in carrying out the details of postal affairs. One or two simple facts—though they are astounding ones—will give some idea of the increase of business in one department of the New York Post-office during the last ten years. In 1859 the average number of letters received nightly in the "box department" was fifteen thousand; now the letters received nightly average ninety thousand. In 1858 the number of letters received at the "drop" from carriers and stations between the hours of six P.M. and half past twelve A.M. amounted to about five thousand. Now the number of letters received between half past six P.M. and half past twelve A.M. from station, drop, and carriers amount to about forty-five thousand. During the twelve months ending with November, 1867, nearly nineteen millions of letters were collected from lamp-post boxes, while over twelve millions of mail letters and more than five millions of city letters were delivered by carriers to our citizens. This statement does not include the letters delivered through the five thousand and eight hundred boxes which are at present rented at the Post-office.

The addition which has this month been made to the number of carriers—the whole body numbering now about three hundred—will insure prompt, frequent, and careful delivery.

It was ascertained by Postmaster James Kelly, on his recent visit to England, that the whole secret of the rapid and accurate postal arrangements of London lay in the number of men employed; that, throughout Great Britain and Ireland, three men on the average were employed to do the work expected of one in the United States. No less than two thousand and six hundred carriers are employed in London. So that, even after making every deduction for difference of population which figures will allow, and after giving Americans all the credit for greater skill, industry, and rapidity in work which national pride might possibly suggest, it still remained evident that more letter carriers were needed to perfect our postal system. It has been very justly remarked that in one respect the British postal system is superior to ours—its servants are appointed for life, or during good behavior; and when unfitted by ill health or age are pensioned. With us respect for service and age is not considered. A man may grow gray and break down his health in our Post-offices and then be dismissed at an hour's notice to make way for some political favorite, who in his turn must give place to another.

It is related of Sir Frederick Bruce, the late British Minister, that he had not an article of solid silverware in his house; and as proof of the wisdom of this arrangement, he used to tell of one occasion when burglars entered his house in the night, but finding the coveted forks, spoons, etc., were plated, had left them. Even if one can well afford to lose plate, this does not remove the unpleasant shock resulting from a visit of burglars. Beyond this, the man who has a handsome set of gold or silverware in his house, or who sports a five-thousand dollar breast-pin, is not as safe from midnight attacks as if his wealth were invested in some less noticeable manner.

"Railroads to the right of us,
Railroads to the left of us,
Railroads all around us,
Thunder and roar."

So sings some poetic "parodist." Probably his mind was impressed with the recent statement that when the Suez Canal and the Pacific Railroad are finished we can go round the world in ninety days.

If the young men of New York are in such a fearful internal condition as a certain city paper represents them to be, we should earnestly recommend them to save themselves from becoming total wrecks by marrying as soon as possible some girl who has seen a thimble, who understands darning, *and* who is willing to devote herself to the business. Read this description of the young man who does his own mending—read and ponder. "Outwardly he may appear in the height of fashion, and arrayed in all the gorgeousness of purple and fine linen; but inwardly he is the abode of rents and tears. The lining of that handsome overcoat is diversified with large gashes from which protrude unseemly wadding; the trowsers' pockets are furnished with little holes through which a procession of pen-knives, nickel cents, meerschaums, and door-keys, quietly meander adown the leg to the pavement; the waistcoat is without its buckles at the back; the collar is held in its place by an ingenious and skillful device of pins; and the shirt—alas! the shirt!—is but a memory of the late lamented buttons whose places know them no more."

California promises to furnish not only the best wines but the choicest silks. At a late County Fair in that State specimens of superior watered silk dress goods were exhibited; and numerous facts prove that the entire State is well adapted to silk-growing.

The most remarkable and valuable stud of horses ever owned by any private gentleman is probably in possession of Mr. Robert Bonner. Their names are familiar—Lantern, Peerless, Flatbush Mare, Lady Palmer, Pocahontas, The Auburn horse, and last, but greatest as regards speed, the famous Dexter. This champion of the American trotting turf is a dark-brown horse, with white feet and nose, a large, well-formed head, a rather wicked-looking eye, and a flowing tail. Pocahontas is a graceful and beautiful horse, a dark rich bay, with a small, fine head, proud arched nostril, brilliant eye, and long tail, sweeping the ground. Mr. Bonner's horses are driven almost solely by himself. They are never taken for exercise into public streets unless he is present, but are exercised regularly in a path which surrounds their stable. The internal arrangements of this stable are made with careful reference to the comfort of its occupants. These horses were purchased by the owner for use and personal enjoyment, and he does not permit them to be driven for any wager, under any circumstances; nor will he drive them himself for a wager.

Odd typographical errors are constantly occurring in the newspapers of the day. An Illinois paper recently made the surprising statement that "two thousand car loads of *cats* had come East over western railroads." What the editor designed to say was that two thousand car loads of *oats* had come East. Another journalist, discoursing upon some political subject, asserted confidently that "we are but parts of a stupendous *whale*." If the word *whole* be substituted for whale it will not seem so preposterous. A city paper, speaking of the organ concerts at Plymouth Church, remarked: "These concerts will help to create a taste for *street* organ music;" which certainly did seem a singular result, until it was suggested that "*strict*" was the word intended to be used. A clergyman sent, not long ago, a notice to Selma, Alabama, that he would preach the following Sunday on "Selma's Expense-Account for Sin." The notice was inserted in a newspaper, and by a compositor's blunder "sin" was changed into "tin;" and the announcement of that metal as the subject of a religious discourse excited such curiosity that when Sunday evening came the church was crammed, and hundreds were turned away who could not find standing-room inside. A New Haven journal lately announced as the question for discussion in a debating club, "Ought *future* punishment to be abolished?" *Capital* punishment was what they intended to talk about. And only a few days ago a city newspaper gave an interesting sketch of a new church which had been established under "*suspicious*" circumstances! Evidently *auspicious* was the adjective intended to be used.

The French have many economical devices which Americans never think of or would quite disdain. For example, in the restaurants of Paris the washer of dishes is paid a moderate salary, it is true; but in addition, he has his perquisite; and this is the grease obtained from the dishes. The dish-water is boiled, the grease skimmed off as it rises to the surface, and put into little barrels which sell for about twenty francs apiece. Sometimes not less than fifteen of these barrels may be collected in a month.

A curious discovery has been made in France in regard to the influence of iron on vegetables. In those soils where there is an absence of iron vegetation assumes a withered appearance, which is removed by the application of a solution of sulphate of iron. Harricott beans, watered with this substance, acquire an additional of sixty per cent. Mulberries, peaches, pears, grape-vines, and wheat derive advantages from the same treatment. In the cultivation of clover wonderful advantages have been gained by the application of the sulphate of iron on soils where it is desired to produce an early crop.

A certain newspaper in Missouri has adopted the fashion of giving notices of marriages in advance. They are in the usual form, with the words "will be" before the announcement.

A man near Fremont, Ohio, lost an axe a while ago; but he found a river, which was partial compensation. This was the way of it. He had been felling trees in the woods. In walking over a slightly sunken place he noticed a hollow sound, and turning, struck the ground with his axe. The axe broke through and disappeared, and never has been heard from since. Investigations showed water below the surface, and a strong current was discovered. A lead and line let down to the depth of seventy feet found no bottom. The supply of water is only slightly affected by drouth, and a pump set up near the place has furnished the purest water to the whole neighborhood during the late dry season. It is certainly quite a remarkable stream.

A new fire-alarm has been invented by a Connecticut genius. It consists of a small box containing a series of springs of brass and steel, so arranged that the brass, by its greater expansion and contraction, moves the steel. This machine may be set at any degree of temperature, and should a fire occur in its vicinity, and the temperature of the atmosphere rise above the fixed degree, an alarm will be struck.

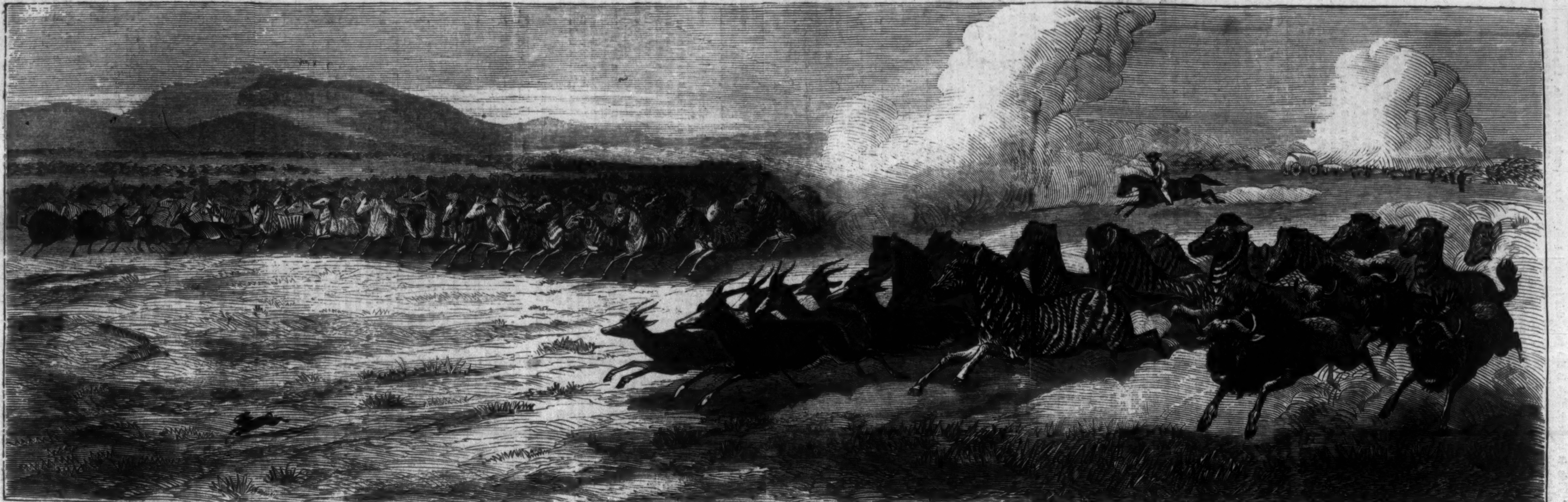
A Frenchman has made an ink from hydrofluorate of ammonia, and hydrochloric acid properly thickened, by which with any pen ineffaceable characters can be traced on glass. This ink will be of service to the chemist and apothecary in labeling bottles and marking gradations on glass.

SALMON-FISHING IN OREGON.

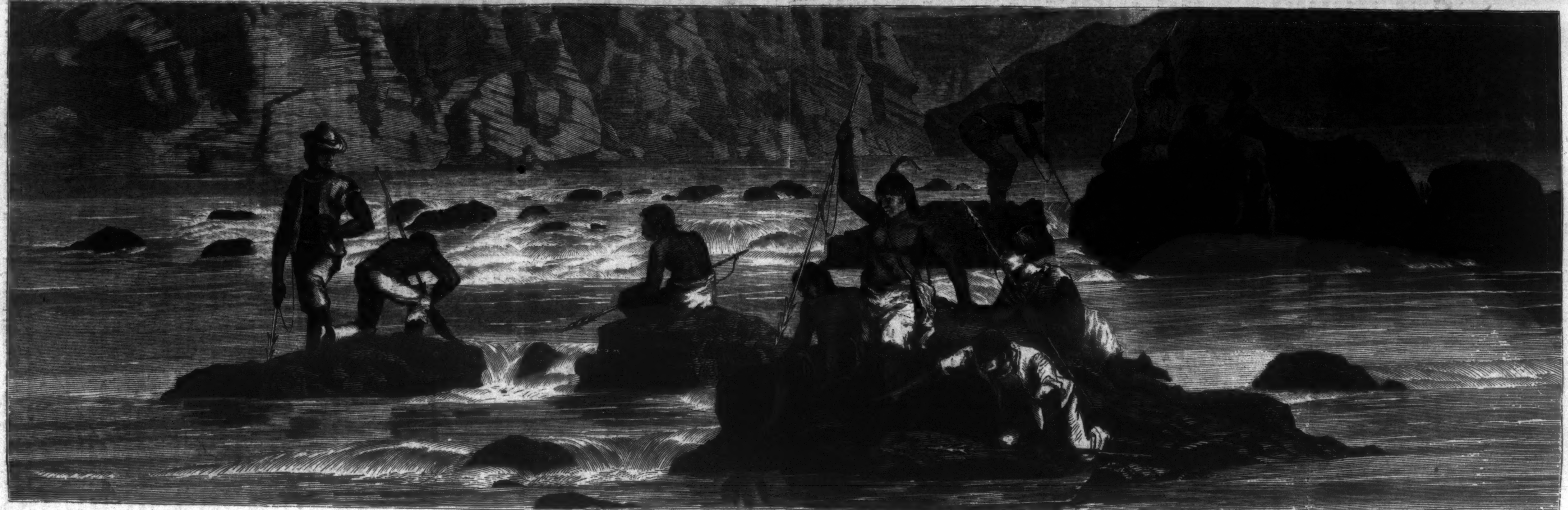
ONE of the chief occupations—or rather sports, since Indians do not admit that they ever work—of the Indians of Oregon, is that of spearing salmon, as represented in our engraving on page 108. When sitting on the rocks in the rivers, in a recumbent position, watching and waiting to spear the fish when they appear, they look, to a person at a distance, like great herons watching for their prey, only that in the case of the Indians a long lance, which serves as a harpoon, is held poised in the hand and represents the long necks and beaks of the birds.

HUNTING IN AFRICA.

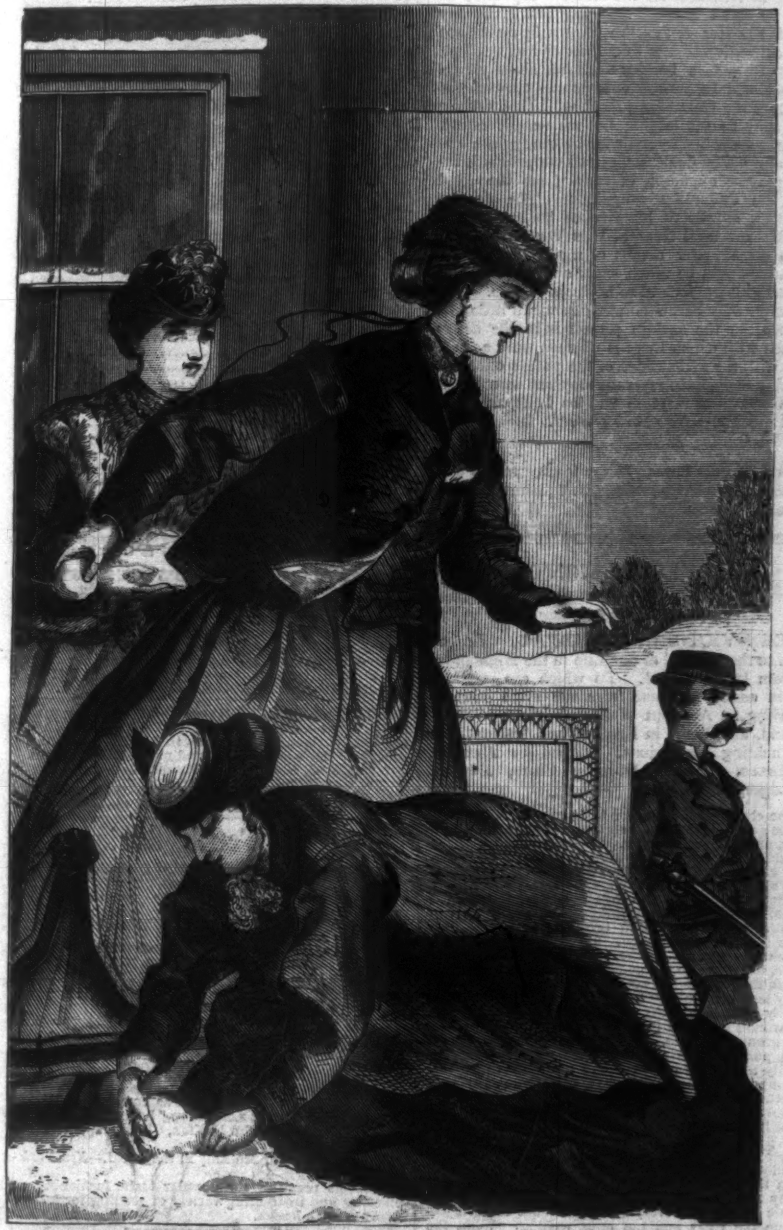
ONE of our engravings on page 108 is from a sketch by Mr. THOMAS BAINES, formerly a companion of Dr. LIVINGSTONE in the explorations of the Zambesi River, and represents a hunting scene in Africa not unlike some of the buffalo hunting scenes which have been and still are to be witnessed in this country. The sketch was made on the Vaal River, in the month of October. Immense herds of wild animals congregate there in the dry weather, when the smaller rivulets and pools are deprived of water. They consist chiefly of the "Boute quagga," or "Burchell's zebra," the "blees-bok," the gnu or "wilde-beeste" (both of the black and the brindled varieties), the "harte-beeste," many small antelopes, and ostriches; while vultures hover above, ready to descend upon the carcass of any that may be killed. The common or half-striped quagga is more often seen in Kaffirland, while the zebra is met with in mountainous districts. In their later journey to the Zambesi, Mr. CHAPMAN and Mr. BAINES found on the salt plains, in large herds, a quagga which seemed intermediate between Burchell's and the true zebra, having the small equine head, ears, hoofs, and tail of the first, with the complete and beautiful striping of the last.



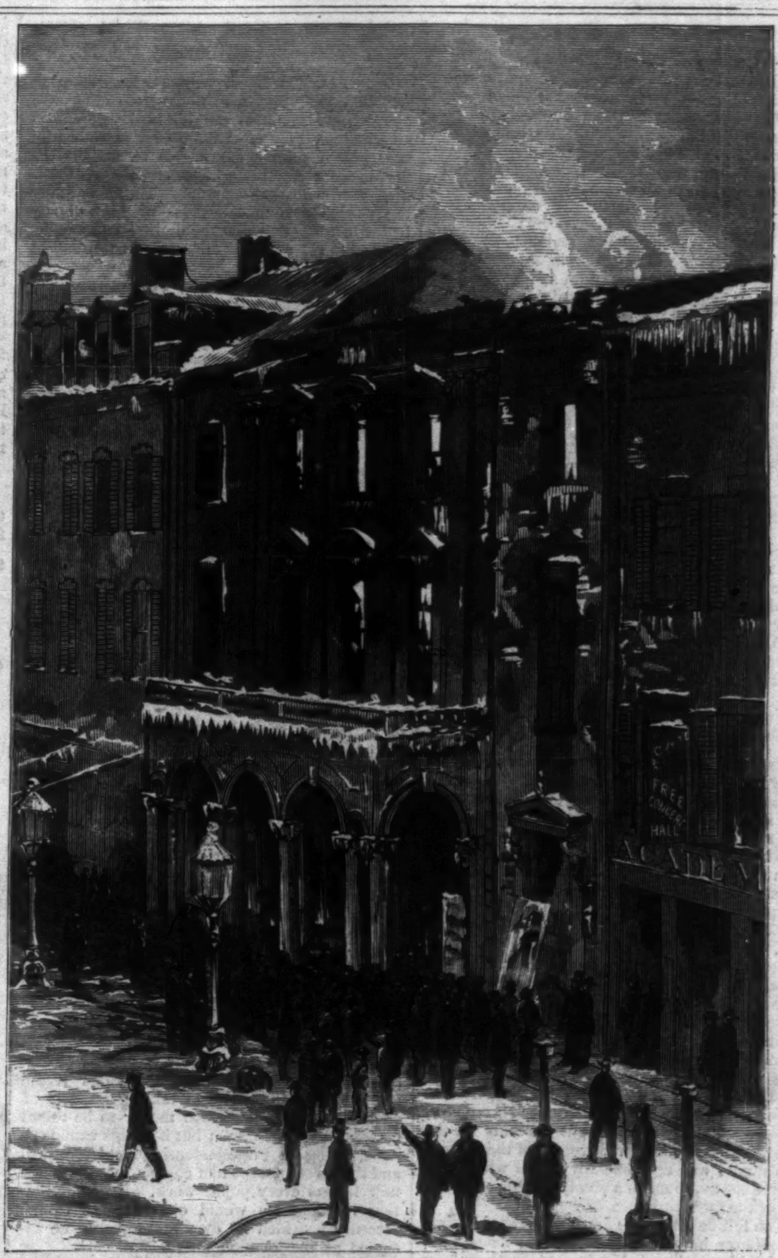
HUNTING QUAGGAS AND ZEBRAS IN AFRICA.—[See P[illegible]



INDIANS FISHING FOR SALMON IN OREGON.—[See Page 107.]



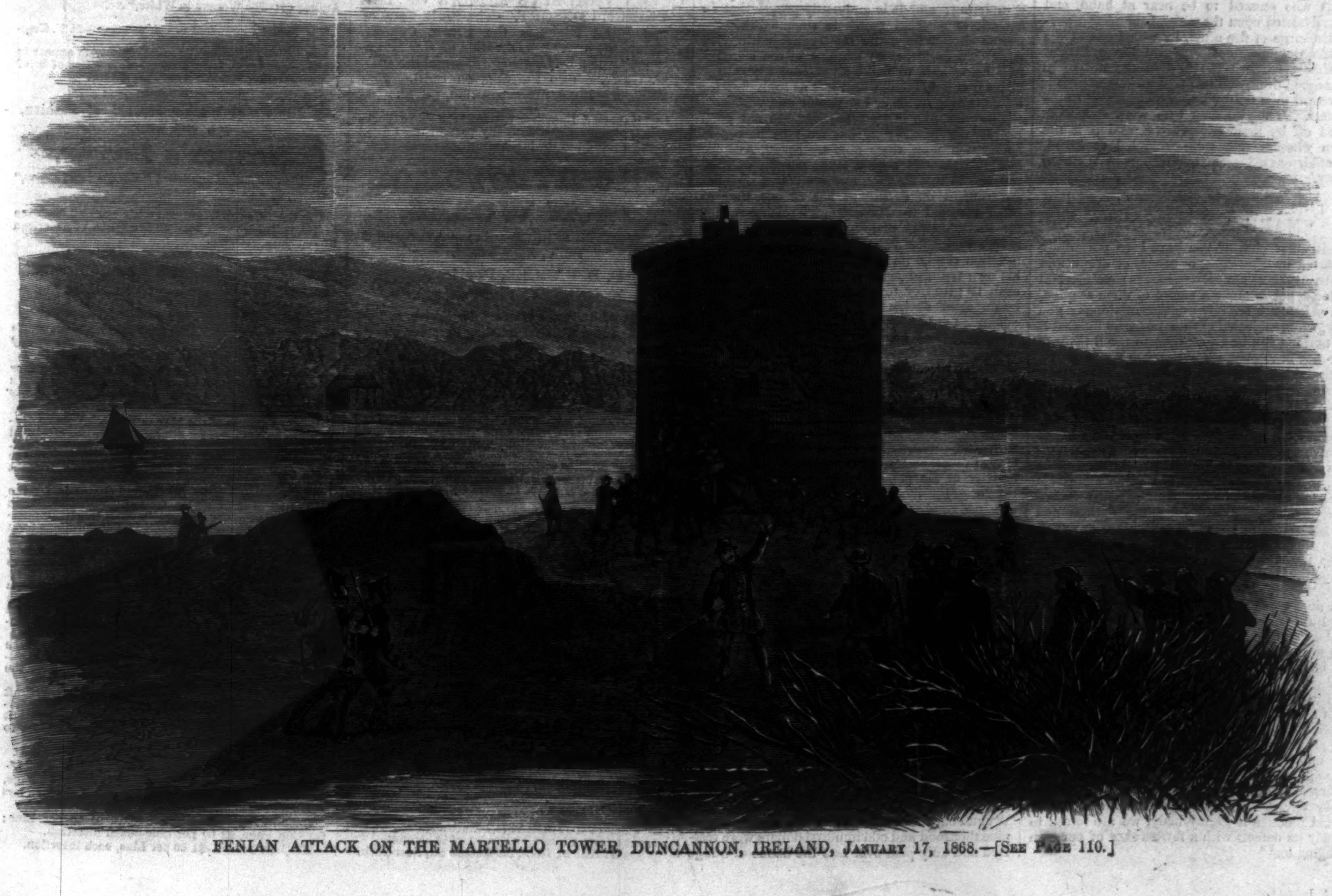
LYING IN WAIT.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 110.]



BURNING OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, ALBANY.—[PHOT. BY H. I. FELLOWS, ALBANY.]

FIRE AT ALBANY, NEW YORK.

WE illustrate on this page the conflagration which destroyed the Academy of Music at Albany, on the morning of January 29. The fire commenced near the roof and burned downward, and yet the flames could not be mastered. The whole of the interior was destroyed and reduced to a mass of cinders and ruin. The building was first opened as a theatre in 1824. In 1829 it was sold and converted into St. Paul's Church. Some seven years ago the church people sold it to H. J. HASTINGS, who, in 1863, transferred it to JOHN M. TRIMBLE, by whom it was converted into a theatre. The Academy was the most beautiful place of amusement in Albany.



FENIAN ATTACK ON THE MARTELLO TOWER, DUNCANNON, IRELAND, JANUARY 17, 1868.—[SEE PAGE 110.]

LYING IN WAIT.

PERHAPS it was the nipping cold
That made me feel in moody frame,
As lately through the woods I strolled
One chilly morn in quest of game.
I scarce had fetched my pointers round,
And passed from out the shrubb'ry-gate.
The hall-door neared, when straight I found
That three sharp-shooters lay in wait.

A sudden shock—a small surprise;
I started, looked around, and lo!
I saw three pair of laughing eyes;
I felt the artillery of snow.
I looked again, I looked once more;
The leader of the snowy raid—
Methought I'd felt her darts before—
Was bonny bright-eyed Adelaide.

In wait she lay! Her gentle look,
More potent than the sun above,
Soon as surprise my senses took,
Had thawed the snow-balls into love!
I thought, ah me! of last night's valse;
I laughed—no more in moody state
Turned to my stoic maxims false—
My fate was sealed—she'd laid in wait.

She'd killed a heart—*that* was her prey;
It yielded to her subtle snare:
The snow had melted all away;
More firm, love's arrow lingered there.
For love is warm and snow is cold,
And in her snow-ball love lay curled;
Love melted quick it's snowy fold—
The ball she gently at me hurled.

THE FENIAN WAR.

ENGLAND continues to be excited, and apparently very much frightened, by the exploits of the Fenians, who appear to be not only innumerable but invincible, and are no sooner suppressed in one spot than they break out afresh in another. The last news from Ireland and England is more than usually exciting, embracing, as it does, the arrest and release of **GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN**, the prosecution of the proprietors of the Dublin *Nation* for the publication of inflammatory articles, the arrest of **MARCUS ADAMS**, the Head Centre of the London Brotherhood, and the two attacks on the Martello Tower at Duncannon, Ireland. The first of these, which took place on the night of Jan. 20, we illustrate on page 109.

These Martello towers, of which we have heard a good deal during the Fenian war, are little forts which are supposed to defend the coast of the United Kingdom. Their construction dates back to the wars with France under **NAPOLEON**, and were intended to prevent descents on the coast. These forts bear the name of the Martello Towers; and are generally armed with a single cannon mounted on a pivot, and placed on the top of the fortification.

The full details of the first assault on this Martello tower have singularly enough never been received here, though drawings of the scene have come to hand. The second attack took place on the night of January 27, and was made by a small body only of Fenians. After receiving the first fire of the garrison the attacking party retired, but did not leave the field. They waited until their numbers were largely increased from crowds who seemed to be near at hand, and again advanced upon the tower, beginning a general discharge of fire-arms, by which one of the garrison was wounded. When the assailants had almost reached the foot of the tower the troops again fired, and two men were seen to fall. The crowd then fell back and disappeared in the darkness. The two men who were shot were carried off by their companions, and it is not known whether they were wounded or killed. The affair caused great excitement in Wexford County.

"MAKE A NOTE ON'T."

IT is a bad plan, if you have been powerfully impressed by a thought, or scene, or event, and wish to preserve your impressions in their original vividness, not to make a record of them at once. Impressions are terribly evanescent things; you fancy, while subjected to their powerful influence, that nothing can be easier than to recall them at will; but in after-years, when you try to do so, you find that it requires a greater effort than your memory is capable of. Even in a few days much of the vigor, much of the raciness of an impression disappears; much of its lustre is rubbed off. Depend upon it, it's the only way if you want to preserve them from corruption and decay; embalm them at once in ink and paper. Gray, the poet, in one of his letters has some admirable observations on the wisdom of a man's immediately embodying in writing the notions and feelings raised in his mind by a place or event, if he would wish to recall them to himself or make them known to any one else at a future period. "I almost envy your last month," he says, "being in a very insipid situation myself; and desire you would not fail to send me some furniture for my Gothic apartment, which is very cold at present. It will be the easier task, as you have nothing to do but transcribe your little red books, if they are not rubbed out; for I conclude you have not trusted every thing to memory, which is ten times worse than a lead-pencil. Half a word fixed upon or near the spot is worth a cart-load of recollection. When we trust to the picture which objects draw of themselves on our mind, we deceive ourselves; without accurate and particular observation, it is but ill drawn at first; the outlines are soon blurred; the colors every day grow fainter, and at last, when we would produce it to any body, we are forced to supply its defects with a few strokes of our own imagination."

GEN. VAN WYCK AND THE GETTYSBURG SOLDIERS' HOME.

GENERAL VAN WYCK, who has been laboring zealously in Congress to destroy the enterprise for giving a home to our disabled veterans, is an excellent type of that destructive class who may pull down but are unable to suggest the first idea for erecting a better structure. He is displeased with the Gettysburg plan for building the needed asylum, but gives no hint of any better manner in which the desired end can be reached. He says the diamonds in the project are worthless stones—though the greatest diamond dealers in the country say the reverse—the farm a delusion, the yacht "Henrietta" not worth an old song, and that the several large purses of greenbacks will prove mere "fairy money" to the fortunate captors—glittering enough over night, but turning to dried leaves before the morning. He does not say, however, that the charter of incorporation for the enterprise, said to have been granted by the Pennsylvania Legislature last year, is not a binding and valid charter; and, failing to say this, all the rest of his objections are mere leather and prunella. Here we have a charter for raising money to build a Soldiers' Home on the battle-field of Gettysburg; and, to accomplish this, authority is given for the distribution of prizes in the manner now proposed by Generals **BEAVER**, **SICKEL**, and the other directors. It is against the manner, therefore, and not against the matter of this movement, that General **VAN WYCK**, if at all, should direct his wrath. If he finds any of the prizes worthless, let him urge that they be thrown overboard and others substituted. If the diamonds are only paste, kick them into the gutter, and let "gems of purest ray serene"—pure and sparkling as **VAN WYCK**'s own virtue—take their place. If the money prizes are not enough, let them be doubled or trebled. If the yacht "Henrietta" should only be rated at so much old junk, let her be scuttled wherever she may now lie, and let the finest steamer afloat be purchased to occupy her position. All this can be done within the limits of the incorporating charter, and the people will not grudge the increased expense that gives assurance our disabled soldiers will be taken care of; but when General **VAN WYCK** assails the charter itself, instead of the prizes now offered under its provisions, he is striking at the only practical plan now before the country through which the people may express their gratitude to those who were crippled in defense of the flag.

If the United States were a monarchy or empire the matter of creating a Soldiers' Home would be extremely simple, taking the form of an edict directing so much money to be raised by tax for that purpose; but here this cannot be done, owing to State jealousies, local rivalries, and the inveterate spirit of corrupt jobbing which now infects every public work. Every delegation in Congress would only consent to the measure provided its own State should be assigned as the location for the new asylum; or even if the bill were to pass with the requisite appropriation, the spirit of jobbery would interpose such delays that all the sufferers would be dead before the promised relief could reach them. What private enterprise can accomplish in a year public jobbers would take twenty years and twenty times the same amount of money for completing; and it is eminently proper that in a work of national gratitude such as this the people should have the matter left entirely in their own hands, every member of the community being able to make a personal assessment of from one dollar upward, just as each may see fit, according to his or her means and wishes.

Lotteries, like every thing else, are not good *per se*, nor bad *per se*, but must be judged in connection with their object. Spain, Austria, and Prussia still raise a large portion of their revenue in this manner, and scarcely a civilized government on earth but has at one time or other resorted to this means of raising money for its necessities or grander charities—finding it by all odds the least odious manner in which taxation can be imposed. It makes every man his own taxing-master, so that whether a dollar shall be given or ten thousand, can be decided by no other decree than that of the individual donor. Looking at home also, is there to-day a charity fair, or fair for building a church in which, under the sanction of the clergy, and with the fairest and most pious of the gentler sex acting as ministering angels, the visitors are not requested to take chances in some very extravagant "raffles" for the sake of promoting some pious object? "It is the cause, my soul, it is the cause," that gives its complexion to every thing; and while we earnestly applaud the activity of the postal and police authorities in breaking up the swindling lottery and policy schemes conducted by sharpers for their personal profit, we can not in any manner divine how a benevolent project, regularly chartered and conducted under responsible auspices for building a soldiers' home at Gettysburg, can come to be classed under the same condemnation.

Turning back to our files we see that on the 29th of January last an enterprise precisely similar to this Gettysburg project, but less than one fourth of its size, was drawn at the Cooper Institute in this city, the net proceeds being devoted to founding a home for soldiers' orphans. The distribution was made under the personal supervision of Major-Generals **VAN VLIET** and **BARLOW**, the latter then Secretary of State; Judge **CHARLES P. DALY**, Treasurer of the Soldiers' Orphans' Fund; **NATHANIEL JARVIS**, Jr., and others of equally high character, while the business manager of that enterprise was the same who is now manager of the project which General **VAN WYCK** condemns. From that enterprise ninety-nine thousand and odd hundred dollars were realized and duly paid over into the hands of Judge **DALY** as treasurer for the soldiers' orphans; so that here, as that scheme was less than one fourth the size of this, we have fair assurance that certainly not less than four or five hundred thousand dollars, besides the land already purchased, will be turned over to the trustees for building the Gettysburg Asylum. Perhaps the sum may be yet larger; but with every attack made upon it in Congress, or by the regular lottery and policy dealers, with whose profits it interferes, the expenses, of course, are increased and the difficulties magnified. The people, however, appear to have taken hold of it with a will; and until General **VAN WYCK** can offer them some better means of raising a Soldiers' Home it would be much wiser and more decent for the gallant General to hold his tongue. But whatever may be his course can make little difference, for the asylum project is in the hands of men with whom there is no such word as fail, and, with the sympathies of the people once enlisted, our disabled veterans may rest secure that the Gettysburg Asylum will be built, and that right quickly.—*New York Herald.*

REID'S PATENT POTATO BAKER is an excellent contrivance. BULL & Co., Buffalo, N. Y., have it for sale. See advertisement.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HARPER & BROTHERS *have now ready:*

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At a meeting of the Incorporators, held in the City of Philadelphia, January 10, 1868, it was *Resolved, that the entire net proceeds should be devoted to the erection of the Asylum.*

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Permission is hereby granted to the said Supervisors to hold such Gift Festival, exempt from all charge, whether from special tax or other duty in respect to said Gift Festival. E. A. ROLLINS *Commissioner.*

Having labored for three years to erect a Home for our Crippled Veterans, and having passed a bill for that purpose in the New York Legislature incorporating some one hundred of our best citizens as directors—but under which bill no action has been had, from that time to this—and knowing the great and crying necessity of the case, the shame of leaving our disabled veterans to starve or beg, I hereby most cordially endorse your enterprise, and it shall have all the aid of my tongue, pen, and influence.

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22,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship Golden State,

12,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship George Shotton.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and delicacy of flavor, which they are selling at the following prices:

OOLONG (black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℘ lb.
MIXED (green and black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℘ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℘ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℘ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℘ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℘ lb.
GUNPOWDER, $1 25, best $1 50 ℘ lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St. (Post-Office Box, No. 5643), New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations.* We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

Post-Office orders and drafts make payable to the order of the Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to the

Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, Post-Office Box 5643, New York City.